JAN 9 '46

The Saturday Review of Literature

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Evelyn Waugh, author of "Brideshead Revisited" *(See page 6)*

Six Years of English Prose and Poetry

Articles by ALEC WAUGH and STEPHEN SPENDER

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Greetings FOR THE New Year

WE'VE heard authors complain of publishers, and we've heard publishers complain of authors. Relations between art and commerce are apt to become tenuous at times, and any publisher knows that misunderstandings both great and small have to be accepted as one of the occupational hazards of our business.

The public has heard a great deal about this. Some of the best publishing stories seem to be concerned with fights between an author and his publisher. What the public knows less about is how much affection there is between a house and the majority of its authors.

As a matter of fact, we could write a long piece about how nice most authors are to their publishers, and some day we will. But for this occasion we'll tell you just this about one of our young writers, Robert Paul Smith, whose novel BECAUSE OF MY LOVE we are publishing in about a month. Bob is a natural writer, with one of the most refreshing and authentic talents we've run across in a long time. His main interest is the novel, but he also writes poems and sends them to magazines which usually buy them. One day he was thinking about the December holidays, and he wrote to one of our editors, and said: "Would you like this poem for a Christmas card?" We decidedly did like it. So Bob called up his agent and said: "Don't sell that poem. I'm giving it to Holt for a Christmas and New Year's card."

So we will give it to you. It's called

Millionairy

I want a cap with silver bells
I want a cat with long grey whiskers
I want fame at the middle of my life
And I could be happy with a million dollars.

I want a room with flowers in a bowl
I want a tree going "shhh" near my window
I want the sun to wear on my finger
And I would find useful a large sum of money.

"What will we do with this wistful dreamer?"
"Hell, give him the dough."

I want a book full of ready-made secrets
I want a picture that moves all the time
I want the moon to spread on a cracker
And a check in ten figures would cause me to smile.

"Shall we oblige this adorable creature?"
"Sure, give him the dough."

He put on his cap with the silver bells
Famous he walked, with the grey-whiskered cat
Out of the room with the bowl full of flowers
Past the tree which kept going "shhh"
Wearing the ring of the sun on his finger
Reading the book with the ready-made secrets
Looking at the picture moving every minute
Eating the moon-spread delectable cracker
And having a perfectly wonderful time.

Hearing behind him, like the leaves in the autumn
Bills of large denominations
Falling on the ground.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Have English Writers Marked Time?

A Conspectus of Prose and Poetry During Six Years of War

By ALEC WAUGH

"WHAT has been happening," an American friend asked me the other day, "to English writing and writers during the last six years? Twenty years ago," he said, "a third of the books in the American best-seller lists were by English writers. It is the exception now to see more than one English name in a whole best-seller list, and then more likely than not it is the name of a writer who has been resident in this country throughout the war. Ten years ago a quarter of an American publisher's list would have been composed of books by English authors. The quota now is a bare five per cent. The books that we have received from England have been admittedly of a high quality. There have been Arthur Bryant's and Trevelyan's histories. There have been critical studies and biographies by Peter Quennell and Lord David Cecil. Robert Graves has maintained his output and his standard. There have been fine novels from your brother Evelyn and Rosamund Lehmann and Storm Jameson. The war has made a new and much finer writer of H. E. Bates. There have been newcomers like Nigel Balchin, Robert Henriques, Nevil Shute, and Alex Comfort. J. B. Priestley has been a one-man OWI. When the English have written, they have written well. But they have written very little. What," he repeated, "has been happening to English writing and to English writers during the last six and a half years? We have had here a fantastic boom in books. Has there been no corresponding boom on your side of the Atlantic?"

The answer to those questions is anomalous. Yes, there *was* a boom, the biggest boom in books that English publishing has ever known; yet never was there a time when the average English writer felt less impelled to write; never was there a time when the inducement to write was less.

In the first place there was never a time when writing itself seemed less

important. In the summer of 1940 everyone resident in England lived under the pressure of urgent and immediate necessity. Invasion was imminent; every moment mattered; and no activity seemed justified that did not contribute to the prosecution of the war. It was hard to take a long view. The novelist about to begin the writing of a new book in July 1940 could well say to himself, "This book that I shall start this morning will not be delivered to my publisher till April 1941. It will not be published till autumn of that year. Of the work I shall do today no result will be apparent for fifteen months. Heaven alone knows what may have happened in that time."

It was very difficult for the English writer to settle down to his task in that atmosphere, under those conditions, at a time when nearly every English man and woman was trying to become enrolled in one form or another of government service. And though by the end of 1942 that particular sense of urgency had passed, there was still, in spite of a boom in books, very little inducement to the writer who was already working in a government office or serving in the armed forces to give up his spare time to writing. In the first place he had exceedingly little spare time. He worked long hours. It took him twice as long as it would have done in peacetime to get to and from his office. He had to do fire watching one night a week. He may in addition have had Home Guard and air raid

(*Continued on page* 31)

By STEPHEN SPENDER

LONDON

POETRY in England during wartime has had absolutely no official recognition.

Although there have been many war artists who have been sent all over the world to paint pictures, there is no such thing as a war poet. The only officially sanctioned writers are journalists and script writers. Occasionally someone in the services is given time in which to write a book describing some aspect of the war, or drawing attention to the activities of one of the services or of some government department. No soldier or civil servant, as far as I know, has been granted one hour of free time in which to write a poem. At the same time there has been a considerable amount of criticism of the poets for not writing war poems.

Probably it is well for poetry that it has not been given official recognition, because poetry, of all the arts, is the one that can least be done to order. On the whole, too, English poets before the war suffered from lack of contact with the hardest conditions of life, and they tended to live in a kind of intellectual vacuum. From this point of view, the war might be regarded as a period in which the minds of poets have been harrowed by harsh events, and the results of this harrowing will probably be seen in poems written after the war. Even so, many fine poems will probably never be written which might have been composed if poets had been granted a few of the facilities given to war correspondents.

The best poems of this war have probably been written by some of the older writers: T. S. Eliot, Edith Sitwell, Edwin Muir, Edmund Blunden, whose age has put them beyond the period of conscription into war activity. Nevertheless several new young writers have emerged from the services, despite the difficult conditions in which they have lived. There is young Roy Fuller of Britain's Fleet Air Arm, who has written poems about the fight-

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ing in Africa. Alun Lewis, a Welsh poet of some achievement and of the greatest promise, was killed in the Burma campaign, as was also Richard Spender, whose few sincere and idealistic poems are perhaps too immature to judge. Sidney Keyes, also killed, wrote an exciting book, overshadowed by foreboding of his own death, called "The Iron Laurel." Kerth Douglas, a very talented Oxford undergraduate writer, was also killed. Henry Treece, around whose work there formed a small literary movement called the Apocalyptics, was an intelligence officer in the R.A.F. Vernon Watkins, the most promising poet to publish during the war, was also in the R.A.F.

Members of the fighting services have therefore made an honorable contribution to modern poetry, and some of the writers mentioned above have produced remarkable work. Roy Fuller's poems are quiet, sober, witty—the poems of an honest young man with an ordinary point of view but a sensibility sharpened far beyond the ordinary. He might one day write the long narrative poem of the ordinary soldier in this war which would greatly enrich English literature. Alun Lewis, who had great facility, also understood the feelings of the ordinary soldier, as shown by his lines in a sonnet called "Infantry":

> By day these men ask nothing and obey;
> They eat their bread behind a heap of stones;
> Hardship and violence grow an easy way;
> Winter is like a girl within their bones.

In two anthologies of war poetry entitled "Poems from the Forces" and "More Poems from the Forces," edited by Keidrych Rhys, several of the poets write about this mystery of being a soldier, the mystery of the common man who does his duty and accepts his lot. Sidney Keyes writes of the common fate that binds all soldiers in all ages. F. T. Prince writes a magnificent poem on a scene of soldiers bathing which reminds him of Michelangelo's famous cartoon of the same subject. In some of these poems the poets strike a heroic note. For example, there is J. F. Hendry's "Salvo for the U.S.S.R." which ends:

> . . . battling for the heart, the free U.S.S.R.
> Strikes lightning through the shuttles of the soul.

Vernon Watkins, perhaps the most remarkable poet who has emerged during the war, can hardly be described as a "war poet." He is, above all, simply and entirely a poet, and the war forms a comparatively small part of his sense of his literary vocation. I have been told that when he was interviewed for the R.A.F. he was asked what were his profession, interests, hobbies, recreations, and what books he read. To each of these questions he answered with the one word "poetry." His poems are the result of this great devotion to the idea of poetry. He commands a technique which can sustain a long rhapsodic poem on as conventional a theme as the sunset, which yet has a new energy, just as if no one had ever written about a sunset before.

A poet who has scarcely been affected by the war, because he is a semi-invalid, is David Gascoyne, who published two years ago his volume "Poems 1937-1942." Gascoyne, like Watkins, is a "pure poet," and, far more than Watkins, his poems seem scarcely to belong to this age. They are very much influenced by French literature, and having passed through a period of surrealism, he now writes in a manner recalling the nostalgia and melancholy of the end of the last century. His poems were rarefied and undistracted by outer events and they contain something of the atmosphere of the sickroom, which is also, indirectly, a reflection of the unhappiness of the modern world. They often have the desperate excitement which we associate with absinthe rather than with tragedy, but nonetheless they are exciting, and they have a magnetic attractiveness; but they are backward-looking like the French *poètes maudits*.

Other names which are often mentioned today are those of two women writers, Ann Ridler and K. J. Raine. Ann Ridler is a quiet, charitable, pietistic poet, who writes with integrity of domestic life. Her poetry is affected by the strain of separation from her husband in war. K. J. Raine is more temperamental and she writes poems of fervid but clear religious intensity. Nicholas Moore and Henry Treece (whom I have mentioned as being in the R.A.F.) are uneven writers, but Moore can be witty and fantastic, and Treece can be wild and powerful. Keidrych Rhys is a very undisciplined poet, who can rise to moments of genuine splendor. Other poets who should be mentioned are Terence Tiller (in the Army), who produced a remarkable first book, "The Inward Animal," and Laurence Lee, a charming, rather primitive poet, greatly influenced by the Spanish poet Garcia Lorca. From Northern Ireland have emerged W. R. Rodgers and Robert Greacen; and from the South, a poet in the great Irish tradition, Patrick Kavanagh.

I could mention at least half a dozen other names of poets who may well make considerable reputations, but the mere adding of name on name becomes confusing. It is difficult, indeed, to

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draw any conclusions about the conditions of English poetry in wartime and one or two so-called literary movements which have arisen should be viewed with skepticism, since by now the founding of a new "movement" is often little more than a combination amongst young poets for the purpose of advertising each others' wares. However, there seem to be amongst the younger writers various tendencies and also various divisions.

A fairly general tendency has been called "the New Romanticism." This amounts, really, to a drift away from the intellectually conscious manner of writing introduced by T. S. Eliot after the last war, and pushed to an extreme stage by W. H. Auden. Eliot is a very conscious writer because he is deeply concerned with the meaning of language. Auden is very conscious because he is well acquainted with modern tendencies of thought in philosophy, psychology, and politics, and he regards these tendencies as modern myths which he exploits in his poetry. He uses symbols, that is to say, of which he fully understands the meaning, even if his writing sometimes seems obscure to his reader.

A criticism of Auden's poetry is that it lacks the sense of a final irreducible mystery in things, even in words themselves, which, to the romantic school, is the very essence of poetry. Auden uses poetry as myth, just as the medieval poet wrote it as allegory, which meant something to them which could be explained in terms other than poetry, even though poetry was the best way of expressing their thought. There has been a return recently to the idea of poetic language as the statement of an "irreducible mystery" perhaps not fully understood even by the poet himself.

The two poets whose influence led to the "New Romanticism" were Dylan Thomas and George Barker. Dylan Thomas is a poet obsessed with words, a linguistic genius, and with a mind filled with echoes of his Welsh Nonconformist religious upbringing and of childhood experiences which made a deep impression on him. His poems have a bardic primitive quality, and at the same time there is superimposed on this an awareness of the discoveries of modern psychology. But above all he impresses by his rich use of words and by his ability to write in free yet compelling meters. Two poems recently published in the English literary magazine "Horizon" are, in the most important sense, revolutionary in technique.

George Barker is not nearly so accomplished as Dylan Thomas, who must certainly be regarded as a master. At the same time, Barker is a writer of great power and range, with obsessions similar to Thomas's, a particularly vivid use of imagery. Thomas is not in any sense an intellectual writer, yet he has an unerring sense of the words he uses. With Barker, this sense is far less certain. He seems to regard words rather as attractive playthings, and although the reader shares his bedazzlement with them he is often irritated by feeling that Barker does not always know the meaning of the words which so enchant him.

I began this essay by noting that the outstanding poetic achievements of World War II are by the small group of older poets who have reached a stage in their development where they can benefit from being cut off from an active participation in events. The most important achievement is T. S. Eliot's "Four Quartets," a series of meditations on ideas about time. Time does not have a beginning or an end: it is a continuum: the idea of a conclusion in which some human aim

will be achieved, some goal of a generation arrived at, is an illusion; every human end is the beginning of something new.

The existence and even the form of the future is as certain a pattern within historic time as the past, and one can regard the whole of Time as one vast unfolding of a pattern which includes all the future as well as all the past. Such ideas as these are, of course, commonplaces, but they are amongst the great commonplaces, like death and love, which form an endless subject of contemplation in the mind of every thinking person in every generation. The central mysteries of life form a storehouse of poetic thought accessible to everyone, where every fact is inescapably real and yet inescapably mysterious. We cannot escape from the mysteries of Time and of Death and of the very small amount of space which humanity occupies in the physical universe. Such mysteries are the essential realities of existence and they dwarf everything which we mean by "modern society," the "machine age," and "materialism."

"Four Quartets," as the title suggests, is reminiscent of musical form: particularly of the last quartets of Beethoven, which Eliot has studied deeply. Perhaps the greatest achievement of virtuosity is in the last of the series, "Little Gidding," where a passage is introduced which imitates the effect of Dante's terza rima.

Another old poet, who has written her most mature poems during this war, is Miss Edith Sitwell. The two volumes entitled "Street Songs" and "Green Songs" are immensely strengthened by her deep consciousness of the tragedy of war.

A poet of an older generation whose work has grown in strength during the war is Edwin Muir, whose poems are those of a retiring and sensitive personality, little influenced by the work of his contemporaries. His poetry is much admired by a small circle of discriminating readers.

W. H. Auden, who went to the United States in 1938, and who has become an American citizen, has published two volumes. One is a philosophic poem, "New Year Letter," an exercise in the eighteenth-century manner, brilliant and amusing and serious. It contains some beautiful lyrics, not in the main part of the poem but embedded amongst copious notes at the end. More interesting is his recently published "For the Time Being." This contains a long reflective poem on Shakespeare's play "The Tempest" and the libretto of a Christmas oratorio. Both poems have wonderful passages. Nevertheless Auden's poetry, always excessively intellectual, has become still further removed from immediate experience, more remote, more arid, and more lecturing in tone towards the reader.

Day Lewis and MacNeice have been engaged in official or semi-official work, Day Lewis at the Ministry of Information and MacNeice as a script writer at the B.B.C. The most concentrated work of Day Lewis has been some love poems and a series of sonnets on childhood. MacNeice's new poems in "Springboard" are most of them inspired by air raids and other episodes of the war. They are swiftly moving poems, with all his grace of manner, but slight in subject.

This sketch does less than justice to some of the poets, but my aim has been only to mention what is really worth the serious consideration of discriminating readers. Thus I hope that the amount of activity I have described will at least record that English poetry is very much alive, with many poets writing good work under most exacting conditions, and with much agitation and discussion.

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The Struggle To Be "Good"

BRIDESHEAD REVISITED. By Evelyn Waugh. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1946. 351 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by
ELEANOR CARROLL CHILTON

WHEN one has been introduced to a charming house and its charming inhabitants —when one has been privileged, through the written word, to share the life of those people, it seems ungrateful to criticize one's host. And yet our host, Evelyn Waugh, seems to have surrounded his novel with almost every hurdle a novelist could devise.

He puts the whole story into the mouth of his protagonist and thus one can never get a wholly objective view of Charles Ryder, although one cares deeply about what happens to him. Further, this device seems to have impelled Mr. Waugh to putting what is a complete story into a framework which is irrelevant; one forgets it when one remembers—as one does—the story within the frame which concerns human beings fulfilling their destinies.

This framework is a prologue which serves to introduce Charles Ryder—the "I" of the novel—and an epilogue which says farewell to him. The immediate scene of these two irrelevancies is Great Britain at some time close to D-Day. The movements of a shifting army take Captain Ryder to Brideshead, a country house. He has been there before and what he remembered about the house and the family is the body of the story.

The epilogue was imperative, once there was a prologue. The latter, however, seems to be nothing but those first few thousand words of any novel, before publication, which are usually tossed out once the author has got into his stride, because they represent an embarrassed approach toward the strangers with whom he hopes eventually to communicate something important.

Despite these structural flaws "Brideshead Revisited" has a magic that is rare in current literature. It is a world in itself, and the reader lives in it and is loth to leave it when the last page is turned. The magic has nothing to do with pretty illusions about nature. It is the magic of knowing real people for the space of a few hours and, because of having known them, feeling one's knowledge of people deepened and intensified.

There is no plot in "Brideshead Revisited," nor is one needed. It is the chronicle of one man's involvement in the life of a family, and it starts when Charles Ryder goes to Oxford and meets and becomes an intimate friend of Sebastian Flyte. Over a period of years thereafter Charles is drawn into the painful tensions and conflicts of Sebastian's family.

All the members of the Flyte family have individuality and charm. Mr. Waugh does not have to say they are charming; the reader feels it for himself. They are also Catholics—three of them devout, three renegades. It is the renegades who suffer from a guilt which warps and deflects their lives. It is Sebastian and his sister Julia—the ones most dear to Charles—who are driven by guilt to give up as an atonement what as worldlings they love most.

Mr. Waugh is a convert to Catholicism. The idea that a born-and-bred Catholic should deliberately renounce happiness in order to make peace with God seems strangely Puritanical. Julia says when renouncing Charles after they have been lovers for some time and have both been divorced to clear the way for their own marriage: "I've always been bad. . . . But the worse I am the more I need God. . . . If I give up this thing I want so much, however bad I am, He won't quite despair of me in the end."

One cannot help questioning this attitude. Surely a normal Catholic, suddenly aware of the need for some channel toward God, might resume taking the sacraments, go on with whatever life had shaped, and endure until death the old struggle between the good and evil inherent in all of us.

This point is relevant because Mr. Waugh is writing a novel not only about life but also about Catholicism. The essence of Roman Catholicism, surely, is the insistence on the fact of Original Sin, without which the word good is philosophically indefinable and serves in our understanding of the word only to qualify such things as our comforts and our benevolences.

Mr. Waugh could not write a novel which amounted to a tract. That is because his great talent has always lain in writing about people. Heretofore he has exercised his gifts in looking at our unbeautiful society and commenting with caustic wit on the people who participated in it. The result was uncomfortably amusing but it was not satire. Satire is impossible unless behind it there is a burning faith in the dignity and inherent good in man, and a correspondingly burning hatred of the follies and pettiness which men in the mass seem to engender in each other.

Now Mr. Waugh emerges with the realization that humanity is always ailing—that one may not allow oneself to fall into the easy trick of despising individuals, since all human beings are compact of good and evil and are always more or less guilty because they would like to be good and not have to carry the evil to their graves.

"Brideshead Revisited" is first and last an enchanting story which will impart wisdom and understanding to any reader. It is richly filled with the stuff of life. But it is something more. It is a portent of the probable emergence of what has been a brilliantly talented man into a major novelist. For that, as well as for this novel, we should give thanks.

Stone On The Rock

By Hassoldt Davis

How shall we have it, we children of fortune,
our love, or our world, or our stone on the rock—
our rock's good pebble—the troublesome peace
we have chipped from the womb of the rock?

Today is a day of devotion, a leasing of peace
to our sons, who must pay for it dearly, our sons
who ignore what we've done with their world
and the nearly great death of their world, the rock.

We shall be wisened in these few years,
and the tears of the war we have shamefully loved
will flow up in us, nobly and shamefully,
rounding our peace, this pebble we've won from the rock.

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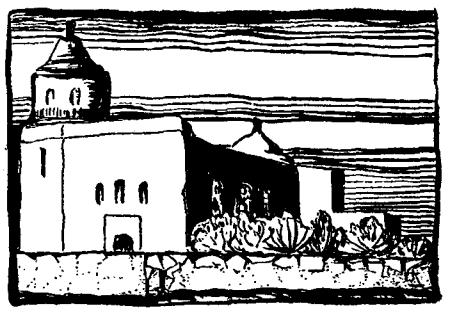
Naturalist on an Uncrowded Isle

A NATURALIST IN CUBA. By Thomas Barbour. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1945. 317 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY CHRISTMAN



CONVINCED that he will never be well enough to go again to Cuba, Thomas Barbour, director of Harvard's Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, has set down his recollections of a long and fruitful association with the island. In a world crowded with people wearing their lives away doing things that do not especially interest them, Dr. Barbour has been fortunate in working at what he loves best. This book, like his previous "Naturalist at Large" and "That Vanishing Eden," is formed from recollections of a full and useful life. He has pursued his devotions avidly, whether his immediate enthusiasm happened to be hunting lizards or eating slabs of fish smothered in cornmeal mush, and he confesses he always looked forward to the excellent food of Cuba "with as keen enjoyment as I did the prospect of finding a new lizard." He has almost as much to say about Cuba's history, people, food, and agriculture as he does about its natural history.

Dr. Barbour is no "duck from Florida," as Cubans like to describe the casual winter visitor. He has lost track of the amount of time he has spent exploring the island. What he observed and felt made him a devoted friend of the land and its people. Here he sets down his memories "which haunt me now with an all-pervading aura more keenly since it has become clear that I shall never be well enough to go to the tropics again."

Many pages of "A Naturalist in Cuba" are devoted to vivid pictures of the island's physical characteristics and its people. He pleasantly condones the tendency of Cuban men to use perfume and cosmetics as hardly a mortal sin. "Many are disinclined to bathe every day, but then so am I! I strongly suspect that too much soap and water applied to the person is, in the long run, more harmful than actually beneficial." He holds that if Cubans seem immoral to Americans, it may be only because "they are a little less fussy about covering up their philanderings." He writes of Cuba's freedom from race prejudice and says that Cubans have a far better understanding and appreciation of the Negro's contribution to civilization than do Americans. Looking ahead, he visualizes, in another century, a Cuban population that may in its totality more closely approximate the purely white than does America's.

Dr. Barbour's observations and adventures in discovering Cuba's natural history, based on his long period of work with Harvard's Soledad Gardens in Cuba and on his explorations of the wildest parts of the island, make fascinating reading. He writes of hummingbirds that chase hawks, of white, sightless fish living in an underground lake covered with a thin layer of solidified lime like a coating of ice, of the smallest frog in the world. He tells stories about himself: how, in his enthusiasm to preserve specimens he had come upon in a cave, he kept tearing away his shirt, until at last he emerged with little more than his sleeves left. He paints a vivid picture of himself loading a suitcase full of bat carcasses he had kept too long, and stowing it aboard the battleship *Maine* to be sunk at sea when the hulk of the ship was disposed of.

Although it is a welcome contrast to the current literature of a sick and bleeding world, "A Naturalist in Cuba" is in no sense escape reading. By carefully blending fact, reflection, observation, and adventure, Dr. Barbour has given us better understanding of a close neighbor and a satisfying share in his rich and warm adventure.

Mr. Jarrell and the Public Situation

LITTLE FRIEND, LITTLE FRIEND. By Randall Jarrell. New York: The Dial Press. 1945. 58 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by THEODORE SPENCER

THESE smouldering dark poems are mostly about the war. They are concerned with suffering and the awareness of suffering; they have energy, satiric bitterness, and weight; they prove that Mr. Jarrell is one of the most interesting poets of his generation.

Mr. Jarrell is trying to do what most serious poets today are trying to do: to write lyric poetry that draws its emotional strength not merely from the private emotion of the individual writer, but from the difficult, the desperate, public situation which the poet feels more acutely, more responsibly, than other people because of his need for articulation: the situation that war brings to a head. In all these poems, notably in one of the finest—"The Difficult Resolution"—Mr. Jarrell is concerned with large issues—not merely the disillusionment and suffering of war, not merely the disillusioning degeneration of Emancipation into Trade, but with

> the great beast
> Convulsed with its passion for it knows not what,
> That gives and takes away and gives and in the end destroys
> All that has loved it or has found it bearable;
> That weeps—weeps at us, not once for us; that at last
> Twists us to pieces, slings us away, merciless with its despair
> At us and at itself: the universe we judge.

Mr. Jarrell is at his best when he writes in this strain, as he does in "2nd Air Force" and in "Port of Embarkartion." "Port of Embarkation" is, in fact, one of the finest poems yet written about the war, better, in this writer's opinion, than Mr. Jarrell's more widely known "A Soldier Walks Under the Trees of the University."

There are two weaknesses in this book which mar its general impression of distinguished success. The satirical poems, such as "Summer" and "The State"—and certain satirical emphases in other poems—are not successful. The satire lacks edge and falls flat, consequently the reader's chief response is embarrassment. In the second place, Mr. Jarrell strains too hard for his similes and metaphors:

> Did you think, for an instant, past the numerals
> Jellied in Latin like bacteria in broth. . . .

Even in its context the image is virtually meaningless, and in similar passages elsewhere (there are not many) the reader feels that Mr. Jarrell is not being himself, but is striving for the kind of effect which other contemporary poets have more naturally achieved. But these weaknesses can be overcome; it is mostly a question of excision. What remains, not only as accomplishment, but as promise for the future, is something generous and large.

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Tom Jefferson and Maria Cosway

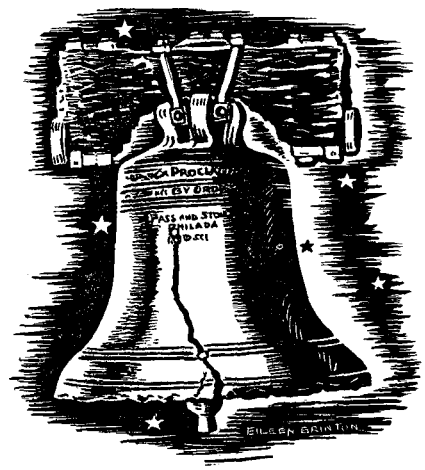
MY HEAD AND MY HEART: A Little History of Thomas Jefferson and Maria Cosway. By Helen Duprey Bullock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1945. 235 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by DUMAS MALONE

THOMAS Jefferson was only thirty-nine when his wife died, but he never remarried, and if he did not have a love affair with Maria Cosway thereafter he never had one that anybody knows anything about. As Mrs. Bullock tells us in her charming "little history," it was the painter John Trumbull who introduced the American minister to this fascinating lady in Paris when he was forty-three, and who served as their chief courier. She was the wife of a rather ridiculous but highly successful miniaturist, visiting from London, and was a painter and musician in her own right. She had been born in Italy of English stock, was a devout Catholic, and spoke a mélange of half a dozen languages. There is no indication that the philosophical Virginian became involved in amorous intrigue with this charmer behind her husband's back; but for a time he unquestionably found her enchanting, and he maintained a deeply affectionate friendship for her during the rest of his long life. Among other things, this story illustrates anew the diversity, the catholicity, and the discrimination of his taste.

Owing to the recent acquisition of some twenty-five additional Jefferson-Cosway letters by the McGregor Library of the University of Virginia, Mrs. Bullock has been able to tell the story with sufficient fullness. Letters drawn from this collection and others constitute the core of the "little history." Interest still centers in the relatively well-known dialogue between the head and the heart, which Jefferson wrote with his left hand in Paris after he had fractured his right wrist, but the narrative is carried through the deaths of both the principals. That of Maria, now the Baroness Cosway of Lodi, occurred at the religious college which she had established in her native Italy; this was more than half a century after the first meeting, and the author of the Declaration of Independence had been nearly twelve years dead.

Inevitably, the story has its climax in the visit of the Cosways to Paris, which caused Jefferson to pen his dialogue. There was a later reunion in the same city, but it appears that he did not recapture the first fine careless rapture. There was too much revolution going on. It is in connection with this French period that Mrs. Bullock has properly provided the richest background of events and places, and has given most vivid details about Jefferson, his daughters, the Cosways, and various minor actors on the scene. She has been in a specially favorable position to do this because of her previous study of Jefferson's musical life, and because of the expert knowledge she gained while calendaring his papers at the Library of Congress and the University of Virginia. This knowledge, indeed, she has drawn upon throughout the book, as is everywhere apparent.



The letters, more numerous but less lengthy on Maria's part than on Jefferson's, can best speak for themselves. She was the more spontaneous and the less grammatical of the two. The modern reader will find that they are filled with delightfully turned phrases, though they were written in the formal and often stilted manner of their age. They disclose much of this highly intellectual gentleman's personal philosophy, and show that he had a tender heart as well as a graceful pen.

However, they seem also to show that, except in the brief period of first enchantment, his clear head was in full control. To use his own expression, what we have here are "the breathings of a pure affection"; and these are a most pleasant thing to have.

Biography with a Flourish

THE LAST OF THE COCKED HATS. By Arthur Styron. Oklahoma City: The University of Oklahoma Press. 1945. 454 *pp. plus index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

JEFFERSON, Madison, and Monroe are names which have taken on a kind of natural sequence. To call them a trinity would be false, since a trinity demands coequality, and certainly no one would claim these three to have been of equal stature. Monroe, a figure of mildly heroic proportions, is dwarfed by Jefferson, as is, for that matter, almost everyone in America's history. To be bracketed with Jefferson is enough to command respect, to have been his friend and disciple insures immortality. S. G. Goodrich, a Washington correspondent, could call Monroe "dull, sleepy and personally insignificant"; John Quincy Adams could write: "There is a slowness, want of decision and a spirit of procrastination in the President." And did not someone else say he looked like an eel standing on its tail? But Monroe's hero worship of Jefferson and his devotion to Jeffersonian ideals make such remarks seem snide and irrelevant.

Arthur Styron, in this, his life of James Monroe, would have us believe that his hero was an exalted "common man," "simple and commonplace, even humble and prosaic (one), whose life ranked in the common model and with the human race, without miracle or extravagance." This is rather an understatement. The man who served as member of the Continental Congress, negotiated the Louisiana Purchase, was governor of Virginia, member of the Cabinet, President of the United States for two terms, and performed numerous other functions involving statesmanship of an extremely high order did stand for democratic principles, but his life hardly "ranked in the common model." And his career as army officer, diplomat, and politician in Virginia, England, France, and Spain could hardly have been called prosaic.

Mr. Styron writes biography with a fine rhetorical flourish. His two others, one on Archbishop Cranmer and one on John C. Calhoun, wove into their stories innumerable details of background material and personal opinion. These side excursions characterize this volume also. While at times they can annoy, for the most part they provide a depth of background the reader will enjoy, or furnish interesting and even provocative asides of personal philosophizing. Mr. Styron explains in his preface that his method is really a combination of three methods. He is presenting "first, the full-

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ness of time in which Monroe was born, the creation of which was not his work but which produced his character, and influenced his behavior; second, the way in which a certain social and geographical group reacted to the currents of history; and third, a gradually increasing emphasis on Monroe's individual portrait to make it the focus of the whole biographical and historical picture."

This gives the author a free hand to ramble all around his subject, to follow his own esoteric bent to a remarkable degree, to seem sometimes irrelevant, sometimes remote, but never incoherent. It is a method the only integrating factor of which is the personality of his subject. Even this at times is not enough to discipline the meanderings of Mr. Styron, meanderings almost always through fields of absorbing interest, but sometimes far removed from Monroe.

One of the adjectives often used as high praise for biographical studies is objective. Objective appraisals are, of course, very, very nice things. But they are not always much fun. But then, we do not look for fun in biography. However, we will not worry about it in this case. Arthur Styron wastes no time weighing the pros and cons of such figures as Jefferson and Hamilton, of Federalists and Republicans, of New England and Virginia. He just doesn't like Hamilton and has little enthusiasm for the Adamses.

In many ways it is Jefferson who appears as the major figure in this book, a not unnatural result when we consider his influence on Monroe and on his times and ours. The perpetual struggle between order and liberty becomes more intense in some generations than in others. It was fierce then, it is fierce today. Monroe was aligned with the forces of liberty, a subaltern, not the captain. The last major figure of the Virginia dynasty, the last to wear the cocked hat and knee breeches before the sansculotte of Jackson, he deserves to be portrayed less shadowed. The man whose name adorns the doctrine so long a keystone of our foreign policy, the President for whose administration a Boston newspaper coined the phrase "the era of good feeling," merits a finer focus and delineation than given here. Monroe is always the Monroe of John Vanderlyn's portrait, stiff and posed, always the political man.

"The Last of the Cocked Hats" is good reading as American political history from 1758 to 1831 with varied relevancies interjected. It is aimed at James Monroe and includes a complete account of his political activities. It limns him but the result is chiaroscuro—he is only half revealed.

Three Villages in Yunnan

EARTHBOUND CHINA. By Hsaio-Tung Fei & Chih-I Chang. Edited by Paul Cooper & Margaret Park Redfield. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1945. 320 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by RUSSELL LORD

IN time of war, when the centers of Chinese learning were removed to the western frontier, two Chinese sociologists at National Yunnan University undertook this anthropological study of three peasant villages in that most southwestern of China's provinces, Yunnan. The country there is so rough and the means of transport are so primitive that it took them ten days to travel twenty-

seven miles to their first village from the nearest station on the Burma Road. Part of this time they spent waiting for an armed guide.

The first village, Luts'un, was purely agricultural: 122 families, 611 individuals, trying to beat a living out of farms averaging less than one acre, on an oval plain surrounded by rocky deforested mountains. Life is hard, but the land yields well of rice and beans in a mild climate; and the ordinary working day is short, around seven hours. There are no tenants, only petty landowners and landless day-hands. For the landless people the only alternative employ locally is hauling salt on their backs for the wage of twenty cents a day.

In the second village of the study, the land cannot possibly support more than one-third of the households; and two industries, basket-weaving at home and papermaking in small mills, have come into being. Absentee landlordism and share-tenancy are increasing here in Yits'un, with the papermaking industrialists, especially, putting more and more of their profits into the purchase of farmland.

The third village, Yuts'un, has become a center of cotton manufacturing, and the tendencies observed to attend the primitive industrialization of Yits'un are much further advanced. It is the same story that Steinbeck suggested in his "Grapes of Wrath": concentration of ownership and the expulsion of the small farm-owning family, operating here in China on a far more primitive basis, and with the merest hairline of separation between starvation and survival.

"Our study," the authors observe, "is an attempt to form a bridge between social survey and world-wide generalizations." They amend previous generalizations, notably by Buck and Tawney, by showing that there are many more kinds of "tenancy" in China than in America. The Chinese situation is complicated, moreover, by the opium habit, to which well-to-do landowners seem excessively given. They smoke because they are idle, Dr. Fei observes ruefully; and become all the more idle and demanding because they smoke.

While the work is somewhat too detailed and technical to attract most general readers, the data on income and outgo of the various grades of citizens gives fascinating insight into the life of the rural Chinese. Perplexed but undaunted by the desperate poverty they display, the authors, like most of the people they quote, are civilized people, equipped with courage, gaiety, and the sort of good manners which spring from gentle hearts. In closing, they recognize that China must be in some part industrialized; but they urge a coöperative form of industry that will supplement peasant income and advance family ownership of land; not a centralized, purely commercial growth which drains the countryside of wealth and dispossesses freeholders.

The Elements and Me

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

FROM earth and air and water
The crystal takes its birth.
And Socrates and Helen
Were water, air, and earth.

The wind, the stream, the meadow
Make up my flesh and bone.
It may be that their natures
Do service for my own.

Is it the wind that shakes me?
Is it the stream that sings?
Is it the meadow holds me
Close to accustomed things?

How sad and lost and warring
The elements must be
All jumbled up together
Who once were pure and free.

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Minorities and World Organization

NATIONALITIES AND NATIONAL MINORITIES. By Oscar I. Janowsky. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1945. 232 *pp.* $2.75.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND NATIONAL MINORITIES. By P. De Azcarate. New York: Columbia University Press. 1945. 216 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by MILTON R. KONVITZ

TRANSFERS of population are taking place in Europe on a vast scale. The problem of nationalities and national minorities has not by any means been solved or made easier by the war. The east-central European states still want to make language, nationality, and religion synonymous with state. This condition makes the two books under consideration of first importance for those who are concerned with the question, "How new will the better world be?"

Professor Janowsky of the College of the City of New York has written a book which is the product of many years of research, thought, and investigation, including visits to Geneva and east-central Europe; Dr. De Azcarate's book, translated from the Spanish, is the fruit of the author's experience as former director of the Minorities Section of the League of Nations. The books are thus the products of rich experience and as such merit being taken into consideration in the planning of new juridical and political institutions established to prevent the persecution of minorities and to prevent such persecution from becoming a threat to internal and international peace.

Janowsky analyzes the national problem of east-central Europe, compares it with the multi-national experiments in Switzerland, South Africa, and Soviet Russia, appraises the minorities regime established at the end of World War I by the Minorities Treaties and the enforcement of the treaties by the League of Nations, and concludes with definite proposals for a solution in the light of experience and emerging patterns of international organization. De Azcarate analyzes the national problem of east-central Europe and offers a detailed description and criticism of the machinery provided by the League of Nations to implement the guarantee clauses of the Minorities Treaties, but unfortunately does not conclude with proposals for future conduct.

Both authors agree that the League's experience with the minorities question was hardly a great success. The root difficulty, says Janowsky, lay in the fact that the minorities treaties assumed the existence of national rather than multi-national states in east-central Europe. This merely strengthened the heritage of forced assimilation. While the guarantee clauses sought to prevent the establishment of intolerant national states which would suppress cultural differences, they left untouched the existence and supremacy of the national state. But the tolerant national state in east-central Europe is not enough: the large and articulate groups, nationally conscious and cohesive, should be equal partners in the state, rather than minorities, and should share with the majority in the maintenance of a multi-national state.

The League, says De Azcarate, did not succeed in ending or lessening the oppression of minorities, but it did succeed in preventing this oppression from provoking international disputes or conflicts. From the point of view of the humanitarian aim the League minorities machinery was a failure; but then this was not the aim of the League. Its aim was political only: the prevention of international wars. The Minorities Committees and the Minorities Section prevented states from interfering in questions concerning national minorities in other states, and compelled, instead, action through League instrumentalities, and thus avoided direct and dangerous discussions on delicate questions between governments.

By stepping into the breach—and by being ineffective—the League drew to itself the discontent and annoyance suffered by minorities. Intervention by the League gave all concerned an opportunity to let matters slide under the pretext that the League was there to take care of everything. In the end all concerned in disputes threw on the shoulders of the League the full weight of criticism, disappointment, and discontent. By giving everyone concerned the chance of blaming the League, the Minorities Section prevented a great current of discontent from flowing between a government and its minorities, and between governments themselves, and from endangering international relations. Should we some day have a supernational world organization and provide for effective sanctions against infractions of international obligations, we might arrive at a much better system of minority protection; but as long as we must respect the sovereignty of states, the best we can hope for is a system which, while not solving the problems of minorities, will keep

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

SHORT STORY OPENINGS

Here are the opening lines of ten more familiar short stories. How many of them do you recall? Allowing 5 points for each title you can remember, and another 5 for the author's name, a score of 50 is par, 60 is very good, and 70 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 23.

1. By the light of a tallow candle, which had been placed on one end of a rough table, a man was reading something written in a book.
2. When the little seamstress had climbed to her room in the story over the top story of the great brick tenement house in which she lived, she was quite tired out.
3. I had entered, in an idle mood, the shop of one of those curiosity-venders, who are called *marchands de bric-a-brac* in the Parisian *argot.*
4. In going from a given point on 126th Street to a subway station at 125th, it is not usual to begin by circling the block to 127th Street, especially in sleet, darkness, and deadly cold.
5. Without, the night was cold and wet, but in the small parlor of Laburnum Villa the blinds were drawn and the fire burned brightly. Father and son were at chess.
6. I got another barber that comes over from Carterville and helps me out Saturdays, but the rest of the time I can get along all right alone. You can see for yourself that this ain't no New York City.
7. It was a wild and stormy night on the West Coast of Scotland. This, however, is immaterial to the present story, as the scene is not laid in the West of Scotland.
8. Hazel Morse was a large, fair woman of the type that incites some men when they use the word "blonde" to click their tongues and wag their heads roguishly.
9. The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could; but when he ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge.
10. "Yes," said the dealer, "our windfalls are of various kinds. Some customers are ignorant, and then I touch a dividend on my superior knowledge. Some are dishonest, and in that case I profit by my virtue."

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everyone concerned busy with an administrative procedure operating as moral pressure and wise negotiation and leading to a formula which will satisfy no one but which will be acceptable to the sovereign government concerned. De Azcarate admits that a dispassionate consideration of League experience leads to the conclusion that the system satisfied neither the minorities, nor the countries involved, nor world public opinion.

Janowsky, however, does not propose waiting for a solution until a supernational world government comes into existence. The solution must be provided now, and he finds it in the decentralization of the cultural functions of government and in national federalism. The east-central region of Europe should be organized on a basis of national federalism, which means that the national minorities be organically incorporated into the structure of the multi-national state. The national state with a majority language and culture should not be permitted to become established. Jugoslavia, *e.g.*, should consist of national territorial subdivisions, like Serbia, Croatia, Slovenia, each enjoying full equality, especially with respect to language and culture. In each national subdivision the language of the majority of the population of the subdivision should be official, and the subdivision should have charge of cultural affairs, including education. Cultural groups, like the Sudeten Germans or the Transylvania Hungarians, would thus cease to be minorities; they would be equal partners in a multi-national state. At the same time, however, Janowsky proposes that the United Nations assume the guarantee of the rights of minorities.

De Azcarate's analysis of the work of the Minorities Section strengthens Janowsky's conclusion that the solution is the substitution of the multi-national state for the national state in east-central Europe. To ask the United Nations to re-enact the Kafka burlesque of the administrative process which De Azcarate portrays is to admit that one wants the world to be neither new nor better. We are a long way from a world government; but the success of the multi-national states (the analogue to American cultural pluralism) emphasizes the thought that there is no excuse for the situation we now find in east-central Europe, where the Great Powers are more intent on establishing spheres of interest (on becoming Greater Powers) than in providing a bleeding world with the political, juridical, and economic framework for a life promising peace, security, and freedom.

"Folklore" and the Upper Middlewest

NORTH STAR COUNTRY. By Meridel Le Sueur (American Folkways Series, edited by Erskine Caldwell). New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1945. vii plus 327 pp. $3.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

LET me begin my brief remarks on this volume by saying that it contains a great deal of very good reading, that I learned a number of valuable facts from it, that I am all for any volumes of whatever sort that throw light on American development, and that, aside from a tendency to find literary glamor in subliterary material, I am of opinion that the author has done a first-rate chore. But I should like to discuss in public this business of "American folkways," which seems to be the modern version of that simplicity which is the last refuge of the complex.

For I, alas, am one of those unregenerate fellows who have never understood "folklore," or "folkways," or "folk literature," at least as these terms seem to give aid and comfort to Mr. Caldwell and his excellent staff of writers. Most of what seems to me genuine folklore belongs to such sociological branches as anthropology. In the matter of "folk literature," for example, I am still waiting for some one to tell me why "The Golden Venity," which only a selected few can sing, is folk stuff, whereas "Seeing Nellie Home" or "Old Man River," songs that anybody at a moonlit picnic can warble, are not. Isn't "folkways" what the "folk" do? And don't the "folk" probably prefer the Hit Parade to "Lord Randall?" And I won't be put off by the dictum that "Lord Randall" is a better poem. The point is not what is literature, but what is "folk." Or, to put the matter in another way, inasmuch as Wall Street (a folk phrase) follows certain customs quite as irrational as Melanesian korryborees, I cheered up when Mr. Thurman Arnold published a book on the folklore of capitalism. But though the way into the American gold coast was then flung wide open, the eager inquirers did not throng it, notebook in hand, as they throng the beaches of its African counterpart.

"North Star Country," which is about Minnesota and adjacent areas, is part of a series on American folkways that Mr. Harold Rugg says presents the "rhythm and time-beat of regional life." Swell. But I am a little puzzled by the rhythm and time-beat set forth in this no doubt excellent volume, which exists, I assume, to tell us about the unique and indigenous features of life in the upper Middlewest. For example, I suppose there is nowhere on the surface of the globe a more characteristic or unparalleled institution than the Middlewestern state university, but this, believe it or not, seems to be no part of American "folkways," albeit La Salle's discovery and exploration of the Mississippi River (was that a folkway?) rates a whole chapter. It is a "folkway" to cheat Indians and be massacred by them in 1862, just as it is a "folkway" for Minnesota gendarmes to fire into a mass of strikers. But it is not a "folkway" to have lived a middle-class life in La Crosse, Wisconsin, as I did. In fact, "folkways" seem to be confined to (a) the country life; (b) persons not of "Old American" stock; (c) the proletariat; (d) various historical characters.

I don't mind, except that I find myself a little bewildered by what is expected of an author who writes about American "folkways." And I repeat, in order to avoid seeming to say what I don't say, that "North Star Country" is a readable volume in anybody's terms. Only—when is a book on American "folkways" something more than mildly eccentric history? Why is the "folkways" writer exempt from the usual canons of historical scholarship? And, by the way, what is a "folkway," anyhow?

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The Beginnings of Social Science

MAN AND SOCIETY: The Scottish Inquiry of the Eighteenth Century. By Gladys Bryson. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1945. xi *plus* 287 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ALFRED MCCLUNG LEE

NOW that social scientists have achieved some degree of confidence in their attainments and some degree of social recognition, the time has finally come when they can re-assess the works of some of their disavowed intellectual ancestors without emotion and learn what their sizable contributions were. In the best sense, such an effort is the well-written book by Professor Gladys Bryson of Smith College, "Man and Society," a fascinating analysis of the beginnings of social science in one important group of its ancestors.

Professor Bryson has taken the Scottish school of moral philosophers of the eighteenth century, of which Adam Smith and especially David Hume were the outstanding members, and has read their writings with care and candor to determine what of solid and enduring merit their "mixed mode of thought" yielded. She is also, quite fortunately, interested in what John Dewey spoke of as "the philosophical origin of the ideas which have in the past so largely governed special social studies . . . the intellectual framework within which the latter are carried on."

Other members of the Smith-Hume group were Francis Hutcheson, Smith's teacher; Thomas Reid, Smith's student and successor in the chair of moral philosophy at the University of Glasgow; Adam Ferguson, a professor at Edinburgh; Dugald Stewart, prize pupil of both Ferguson and Reid; Lord Kames (Henry Home), a kinsman of Smith who served the group as "patron, critic and jester"; and a jurist colleague of Lord Kames, Lord Monboddo (James Burnet), "the most learned man in all Scotland save Sir William Hamilton."

The textbooks of Hutcheson, Smith, Ferguson, Reid, and Stewart were widely used in the Eastern universities of the United States until well past the middle of the nineteenth century. And all, and especially Hume, have influenced leading American sociologists and other social scientists down to the present. As Professor Bryson notes, "All of them knew and were friends of David Hume, however much they might seek to refute his skeptical philosophy now and again. All of them were friends of Adam Smith. Man, with his institutions, was the object of their study, and, within their 'comprehensive view,' they made valiant effort to be empirical in their approach. Social scientists of the twentieth century may properly regard them as forerunners in the effort in which we too are engaged." Professor Bryson might have included a number of others in her group, but she demonstrates the leadership and representativeness of those to whom she has given her chief attention. Others contributed details but did not differ in major perspectives.

The chief weakness of the leaders in the "Scottish Inquiry" was that they permitted organizing principles to lead them astray. They got themselves into the position of system building for the sake of the system itself. The members of the group did not understand adequately the necessity for systematic schemes to describe with fidelity the actually observed processes of society. They did not realize that such schemes at best crystalize systematizations inherent in verified and verifiable observations. A related weakness, their "mixed mode of thought," results from their intertwined respect for common sense experiences, introspection, and "intuition, which, more than reasoning, gives us first principles, certainties." Bacon and Newton were lauded as their masters, but those concerned with the nature of man and of man's society still had a long struggle ahead of them before they might capture at least a section of that great citadel of resistance to clarity of social vision, their own moral sense, sympathies, or culture.

In the eighteenth century, the Scottish moral philosophers had already come to agree "that whatever else may be said of man, the characterization must start with the fact that he is an animal," a position much more commonly accepted by social writers a century later but even then bitterly contested. While their preoccupation with man's nature, with his psychology, made them oversimplify all humanistic studies with biased psychologizings, they had achieved the position that human nature could be known as truly as any sort of natural phenomenon. Hume, too, for example, came to rather modern-sounding conclusions concerning the social value and something of the social role of custom. He thus broke with the older position of such writers as Montaigne and Charron, who regarded custom as irrational and even an evil element in human thought and behavior. Hume even anticipated in a general way the very influential concept of the folkways introduced into social thought in this century by the American William Graham Sumner.

Despite their devotion to "progress" and other optimistic principles, their efforts to compare customs and to get some objective perspective upon society lifted the Scots a number of steps toward the cultural and moral relativity of twentieth-century social scientists. It is little wonder that Franklin Giddings of Columbia University derived from Smith the organizing principle of his system of sociology, "the consciousness of kind," and that Albion W. Small of the University of Chicago, an outstanding leader in sociology, emphasized to his fellow social scientists the importance of the eighteenth-century Scots.

Professor Bryson's readable and deeply understanding volume will long stand as a significant chapter in the evolution of social science out of moral philosophy. It is an excellent exposition of the manner in which the impact of eighteenth-century Continental enlightenment upon shrewd Scottish intellect helped to push moral observation and generalization significant steps in the direction of social science.

Something Gone

By Amy Bonner

IT is rain that will not rain,
It is snow that will not fall,
Rivers that will not flow to sea,
This long agony;

And the never ripening grain;
And a bird stopped in its call;
Roots that startle not from mold,
Sorrow never told.

It is waves that reach no shore;
Silence in the throat of dawn;
Taste of death, and then no more;
Something gone.

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Strictly Personal

LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL

Last November 30 Julia Elizabeth Wolfe, mother of the novelist Thomas Wolfe, unwittingly made her final public appearance, before a New York University class in English conducted by her son's biographer, Professor John Skally Terry. A member of the class, Ruth Davis, transcribed Mrs. Wolfe's talk in shorthand and it is given herewith exactly as she uttered it, shorn of a few irrelevancies.

WHEN asked my age, I say I'm three times six, four times seven, two times nine, eleven and eleven.

You know when I get with young people they are all my friends. I have met them all over the world and they are all admirers of Tom. They do not think of me—they think, "She is Tom's mother," and that is why I want to come.

Way back when Tom was living, I took John Terry as one of my boys. He has no mother so I think he will accept me as his mother—maybe his grandmother. I will talk to you as I talk to John, in everyday, simple language. I think John ought to take me as one of his pupils. I'd like to join his class. Out in Hollywood I was on a program called "You're Never Too Old." I think I can learn today. I can't boast of a university education but I made up my mind that Tom would get what I didn't have. And I'm glad I gave it to him.

I was invited to a luncheon at a university club down to St. Petersburg last winter. I never belonged to a university club. There were about 100 people there. Dr. Mooney was the speaker of the evening—a very fine lecturer—he lectured on Woodrow Wilson, Stalin, and Roosevelt. He said Stalin was a great leader; he told of the education of Wilson and finally he wound up about Abraham Lincoln. He said, "Abe Lincoln was like Mrs. Wolfe. Neither had the advantage of a university education." Everyone when he got up said what university and state he represented but when I got up I said I couldn't represent any university. I only wanted to represent Tom. Dr. Mooney said, "Abe Lincoln and Mrs. Wolfe did things—went further than a great many who had an education." Perhaps if I had your advantages in my time I might have accomplished something. Well, I don't know, maybe being the mother of Tom Wolfe helped to make up for what I failed to be otherwise.

You know I went out to Hollywood. They're making a picture of "Look Homeward Angel." I had the time of my life there. I met so many people, my time was taken up all the time. Hardly had time to sleep. Many wrote me from nearby towns. They wanted to meet me. Would I autograph one of Tom's books? Would I go to lunch or dinner? I was there for thirty-eight days and I never had lunch or dinner alone. There were many lunches I could have taken but I couldn't eat but one lunch at a time. Have you had your breakfast? I said I can't eat breakfast. I have to go to lunch between 12 and 1. Lawyers, doctors, editors—I met so many people.

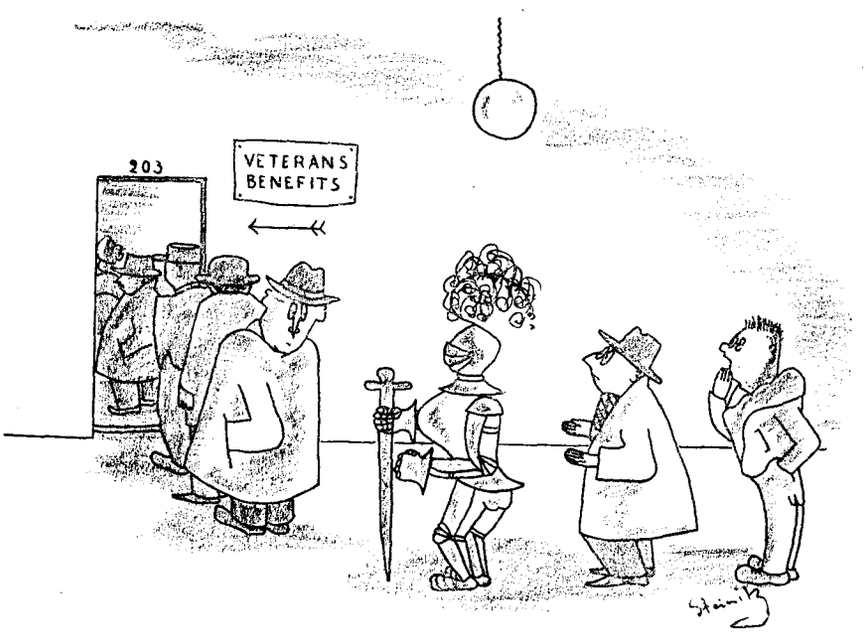
In Hollywood when people asked me "What's your name?" I'd say I have two names. I am Mrs. Julia Elizabeth Wolfe and I am Tom Wolfe's mother. Then they'd say, "Oh, he is the writer," and they'd mention several of Tom's books.

Tom showed talent when he was one year old. Scientists might take an atomic bomb and blow me out when I say what I believe. Tom was born a genius. Your teachers may not agree with me but that would not change my opinion.

Tom was my baby. Our other child was about six years old. My health had been poor and I was not very strong and I had to lie down either on a bed or a lounge most of the time for five or six months. The neighbors and doctors said: "If you don't take care of yourself, your children will be left orphans and Mr. Wolfe will bring a stepmother in here." That frightened me so I decided I would take every precaution. I could not work but I could sew and read. At this time there were six books I had by scientists dealing with mind over matter. I believed those things myself and had some experience, so, when one of these writers said that, of course, God created us all but a mother could help create the kind of a child she wished, that interested me because it was just along my line of thought. It said that some of our great artists and musicians were caused by the impression that the mother had which was handed on to the child. So I picked up all the good literature I could get. I didn't read any dime novels—only the best literature. I said I had to make a great literary man—a writer.

Tom came into the world and when he was about four or five months old, my brother, who lived out about three or four miles, sent his carriage for me. "Bring the baby," he said. They didn't have any baby in their house. "What are you going to make out of this one, a President?" I said, "No, Jim, he is to be a great writer." I said I created him. They laughed about it, but as Tom grew up they said, "Everything was carried out just as she told us." My nephew said, "Aunt Julia, I hope that story will be in Tom's book." I said, "No, it won't be in Tom's book but I will give it to John Terry for his book."

After Tom was a year old we would



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sit him on the carpet with all the little story books which we had bought for the other children at Christmas. Tom liked to look at the pictures. He would say, "Read about that picture," and, "Read about that picture." After we had read a story a few times he would read it from the picture. When he was two years old he would follow me all around. Two old ladies came to visit and Tom followed me into the parlor with his books under his arm. Tom was never timid nor backward so I said, "Tom, go over and read to the ladies." Then I said, "Tom, read them another story and you ladies look at it to see if he reads it right." One lady said, "Yes, and he punctuates it too!"

Tom loved school. He thought it was the greatest institution on earth. He went to school before he was of school age. I was afraid the teacher would send him home, so I went to her and told her, "Tom is just a little over five but please let him stay, he loves it so." I could not break Tom's heart by taking him out. The teacher said not only could he stay but that he was ahead of the other children who were of school age.

Tom always made good reports wherever he went. When he was about eight years old, he started at the library to get books. He read all the books in the library for the boys and for the grownups. The librarian told me, "You know, Tom doesn't get children's books, he gets advanced books." I'm willing to bet that Tom read more books than any other boy in North Carolina—that was before he was eleven years old. He would stop off at the library after school and come home and curl up with a book for several hours until he finished it. He would read a book a day.

A professor started a boys' school and he wanted Tom as one of his pupils. He was picking the choicest students for his new school which was to have no grades. Each child would advance as rapidly as he was able. I approved of the idea because I was a country school teacher—though I didn't have much education, I was pretty good in mathematics—and I would advance my pupils in five months more than Tom's teachers advanced theirs in three years. So Tom went to the new North State and Finishing School, that was the name of it. He was a little over fifteen when he finished there and he entered the University of North Carolina before he was sixteen. They didn't like to take boys of his age at that time. But later he wrote me, "Mother, I have a unit and a half to my credit." I didn't know what that meant but anyway I guess it was pretty good. That was

where he met Mr. Terry. After he finished at the North State school, he wanted to go to the University of Virginia because it was considered a little higher than the University of North Carolina. Mr. Wolfe was from Pennsylvania but of course was Southern because he had a Southern family, so when Tom said he wanted to go to Virginia, not to Chapel Hill, Mr. Wolfe said, "No, you are not going to patronize Virginia. You're a North Carolinian and you'll go to North Carolina." Mr. Wolfe said, "Go to work if you don't go to North Carolina."

I called Tom aside and told him not to argue with his father. "After all, Papa is going to pay for it so you take my advice—go this year and it won't be hard to change next year." But after he went to Chapel Hill, Tom never again said anything about going to Virginia.

Then Tom went to Harvard. Mr. Wolfe was a sick man and he felt Tom should be a lawyer but Tom said he wanted to go into journalism so Mr. Wolfe said, "Well, your mother and I are getting old and what money we have we need to live on. You have had the education that nine-tenths of the boys didn't have. I can't do any more." Tom talked to me. I said, "Tom, you can go." He went. Tom was a student and had he lived today he would have written books that will never be written by anybody else. That is my opinion. He may be writing on in some other sphere and he might help us yet.

Tom wrote from experience. Often I think a child's viewpoints are not like ours. He wrote about North Carolina characters and sometimes they didn't like it, but I guess people should be more particular about how they bring up their children.

John Terry says to tell you about my father. Oh, you want some spooky stuff. Tom wrote about this and some people didn't understand it. If he were living today I might give him some information so that he could write some more on it. Tom writes the story but he says it was his uncle but it really was my father that was seen so many times when he wasn't there to be seen. When he was a boy eight or ten years old, his mother sent all the children to the Presbyterian Sunday School. Her husband was a hatter and they made fur hats, wool hats, all kinds of hats. They had a great big log kitchen. Over in the corner they had what they called the wool box. It was about half full of wool. She went in to fix up the fire. She looked over in the box and saw father lying there asleep. She said to herself, "You can't do that," but she didn't want to wake him up so she thought she'd leave him there to sleep for awhile. About a half hour later she went back to call him and he wasn't there. She had an older sister—very fine, intellectual woman, who took the children to Sunday School. When she came back with the children, father was with them. The sister said, "He has been with us all along." He never lied in his life so the superstition came that he was going to die—something was going to happen.

His stepmother got along fine with him but he was a man now and all that mountain country belonged to the government. That was father's business—going over the country and arranging this land. All had to ride horseback, no bridle paths through the forest then. It was just after dinner around one o'clock and his stepmother had been in the yard and she came into the house. There was a door leading off the kitchen into another room and she saw him leaning back against the foot of the bed in a straight chair reading, so she started fixing dinner and she said to her children, "Go tell him to get up and have dinner." But he wasn't there any more. They said, "We haven't seen him." That evening when he came home she said, "Why did you go away without your dinner?" He answered, "I haven't been here." She said, "You were." He said, "What time was that?" She said, "One o'clock." He said, "I was just leaving Burnsville when I met two of the boys." His mind had travelled. He wanted to go home and so she saw him.

Tom's great-grandfather knew just when he would die. "I am going to die at ten minutes of six," he told Uncle Sam. Uncle Sam said, "Why do you say that, don't you feel well?" Grandfather said he felt fine. Uncle Sam got scared and said, "Let's lie in bed all day." That was no hardship for Uncle Sam, who is dead now, but I can say he was a very lazy man and a bore—one of these religious fanatics who talked nothing but the Bible all the time. So they stayed in bed talking and talking all day about everything imaginable. They talked until

(*Continued on page 31*)

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The Atomic Age

CAPSULES

The author of this fable has been professor of English at the University of Texas since 1933. He is the author of numerous books on the Southwest. In 1943 he went to Cambridge University as visiting professor of American history, and out of this came "A Texan in England," a lively and highly readable account of his experiences.

THE time is 1967. The chief actor is a dictator named Confra. It was in 1945 that he decided he could destroy all democracies. That was the year in which four hundred American scientists who had developed the atomic bomb asserted in a signed statement that the secrets of the weapon could not be kept from the world at large and that for the United States to try to keep the secrets would lead to a war "more savage than the last." It was also the year in which American politicians decided on secrecy, even ruling their partners, Britain and Canada, out of the trade secrets.

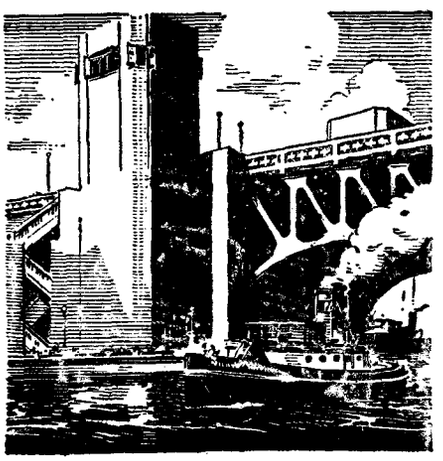
Confra claimed that his name was derived from "confrere" (a fellow member in a brotherhood); his enemies said that the name was merely Franco twisted around. His followers called him "Brother" and so popularized the name that many people voted for him "because he was such a good man." He came into power almost unobtrusively. Science means knowledge; knowledge is not spectacular; "practical" politicians deride it; it is humble and keeps silent. Confra was practical and he was also a politician, but he was not a "practical politician."

At the very beginning of his career, Confra began building up a corps of scientists. Science, knowledge, is always international. The most nationalistic people are always the most ignorant people. A smart politician before a mob waves the flag and makes the eagle scream, in order to win applause; facing brains, he uses his brains and what knowledge he can appear to have, in order to save himself from contempt.

Confra's funds were limited. He saved them for science. In his years of preparation he did not build a single bomber, a single piece of artillery, a single warship. He did not raise a single extra battalion of soldiers, or try to get possession of a single outlying airfield. Along about 1960 he began selecting between three and four hundred courteous, discreet, loyal, capable men whose science lay mainly in knowing foreign languages, especially English, and in being familiar with foreign countries and foreign ways. They were urbane men, not one of them showy.

One night in March 1967, he gathered them together, though of course they had been rigidly instructed in private, and told them that D-day would be December 26, at three o'clock in the morning, Eastern Standard Time. To each man he gave a capsule of atomic energy to be carried in his vest pocket. To each also he gave a time fuse, with instructions to wrap it in a pair of dirty socks and put it inside his suitcase. All were amply provided with money, and every man was assigned a particular city for his destination—Washington, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, St. Louis, Houston, London, Liverpool, Manchester, Belfast, Melbourne, Toronto, Berne, Paris, and others. They were to travel by air, sea, railroad, and were to dribble away to their respective destinations as inconspicuously as the evaporation of water from a tank. Each had, on the surface, a plain piece of business to transact, a business that he was reasonably familiar with and would actually work at.

"You will accommodate yourselves to circumstances," Confra said. "The sole and simple purpose is to destroy totally the power of the democracies, especially the English-speaking democracies. Most of their civilization will go with their power and with the lives of tens of millions of people now inside your vest pockets. The only specific directions I give you are for the finality. These are more than directions; they are orders.



"At midnight, Eastern Standard Time—not an awkward hour, after all, for the business in Europe—each agent will plant his capsule and his time fuse in the selected place in the assigned area. Each will time his fuse to explode the capsule at D-hour plus 3. Each during those three hours will go out between thirty and forty miles from the planted capsule and observe the explosion."

Confra actually sent 378 agents out. In the United States he omitted several state capitals, having little respect for the science residing in them, but he figured that the destruction of all the main cities, harbors, factory centers, government centers, and seats of learning would be absolute. He wanted to leave most of the grass, woods, and farm lands and the people on them. He said that if the grass, the woods, the fields, and the people remaining all got along together they might amount to something in the world eventually. He had no real plan, however, for anybody or anything, including his own country.

His plan was designed to allow nationalistic patriotism to go on its booming way clear up to the fatal hour. The course of economic isolationism would not be at all interrupted until the minute of utter extinction. At that minute nearly everybody would be in bed and would not know what had happened to them even after it had happened. Not even the wise among them would have the satisfaction of pointing out how the politicians had succeeded in keeping the people as ignorant as they themselves were or how the greedy had fairly bought their own bargain. The conflict between the literalness and the spirit of the plan for a unity of nations would be at an end. Particularly, the dream of a partnership, based on a decent trust, between the English-speaking nations would go into peaceful slumber.

* * *

Grey of Fallodon, who was a very fine gentleman, a very noble man, and a very great statesman, said that the cleverest bit of wisdom he was acquainted with was a Spanish proverb: "He who does not know, but thinks he knows, is a fool. Avoid him. He that knows, but does not know he knows, is a sleeper. Wake him. He that knows, and knows he knows, is a wise man. Follow him."

J. FRANK DOBIE

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VALE

THERE have often been men in American literary history, too modest to pose as men of letters or great novelists, yet so keen in observation, and so skilful, that their books prove as memorable as more pretentious work. Such a writer was Arthur Train, author of a long list of books, and president of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. His talent was extraordinary, as is proved by the wide and long success of his writings. And in one respect it rose to genius, and that was in the creation of character. Perhaps it would be better to say, one character. His Mr. Tutt became unquestionably the best known of American lawyers. And this was not only because Mr. Tutt, like many a Dickens character, was, thanks to his author, more real, more typically true to the legal personality than life itself. His just fame must also be attributed to a core of shrewd, typically American idealism. His object in life was to use the infinite resources of Yankee ingenuity to save the morally innocent from the clutches of law, which, as Mr. Tutt used often to say, is by no means synonomous with justice.

Arthur Train himself had the great advantage of always knowing his subject. If he wrote a novel of the Balkans, it was because he had been there. If he wrote some of the best stories of salmon fishing, it was (partly) because he was an excellent fisherman. If he made drama out of the complexities of the law, it was because he had been an assistant district attorney, and before that had served the poor and the weak when trapped by the technicalities of legal procedure. And while he wrote for a large and often uncritical public, he worked as an artist, not as an artisan. No labor was spared—even to the thrice writing of a full-length manuscript—to make his stories and his books as good as he could make them. Many a writer of our times of equal talent, and sometimes greater genius, has been slovenly and only semi-articulate by comparison. It was the realized authenticity of Mr. Tutt that caused a storm when Mr. Train wrote that much-loved character's autobiography. For many a reader refused to believe that Mr. Tutt was not the real man, and insisted that Arthur Train was only a pseudonym.

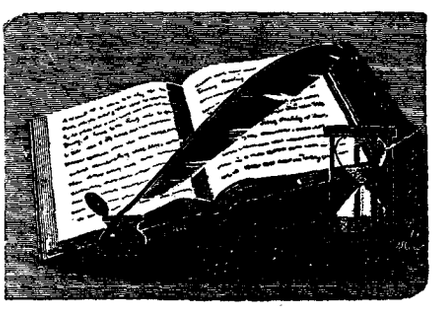
American literature and the social and intellectual life of New York will both suffer from the death of this quietly perceptive man, who was as much loved by his friends as was Mr. Tutt by the readers of the country.

* * *

Theodore Dreiser's death marks the passing of a monumental figure who will be discussed for generations, alike as novelist and social observer, before a final critical appraisal satisfactory to everyone can be arrived at—if it ever can be. But Dreiser's place as a protagonist in turn-of-the-century realism is already beyond dispute. Stephen Crane had died, at twenty-nine, in 1900; Frank Norris was to die, at thirty-two, in 1902. Dreiser, born eighteen months after Norris and two months before Crane, was left to carry on almost alone until the Sinclairs, the Andersons, the Steinbecks, and the Farrells could enter the lists as redoubtable champions of the movement that was to turn American fiction diametrically away from Graustark.

"Sister Carrie" broke over the country like a bombshell in 1900. The youth of today, reading it for the first time, may well wonder why, for the grass of custom inevitably grows over the trail of the trail-blazing book. There are those today who cannot understand why people stood in line to get their monthly parts of "The Pickwick Papers." The careers of Caroline Meeber and Jennie Gerhardt have been far surpassed in luridness. But they were none the less pioneer women, who rode, not in covered wagons, but in fringe-topped surreys.

Dreiser wrote ponderously and awkwardly. God help the youngster who tries to model his own after Dreiser's prose style. But Dreiser also wrote honestly and sincerely, with depth and understanding and pity, and these are qualities that can always bear imitation. A tower has fallen—not a tower of architectural grace and beauty, but a tower that had stood as a significant and inescapable landmark in American literature for half a century.



* * *

The Saturday Review has had no stauncher friend from its inception than Manya Gordon Strunsky. A woman of brilliant mind and generous enthusiasms, her interest in literature was as keen, her appreciation of it as understanding, as was the insight which her own books displayed into the problems of labor and industry profound. Born in Russia of a prominent Social Revolutionary family, she was bred in a hatred of tyranny and autocracy, and through all the years of her undeviating devotion to America and American institutions she gave unstintingly of her time and her energies to the cause of the suffering, the oppressed, or the exiled of her native country. She was a friend of such celebrated revolutionaries as Kerensky and Catherine Breshkovskaya, but it was not merely to their causes that she gave her sympathy; she poured out help to any and all of the enormous Russian circle with which she was constantly in touch whom she deemed worthy of her assistance and her compassion.

Devoted as Mrs. Strunsky was to the land of her birth, she was first and foremost an American, deeply and constantly concerned with the problems of her country, afire with zeal to forward those ends which she deemed essential to its welfare, blazing out against what she considered abuses of the public trust. A scrupulous writer, who thought no pains too great to secure the accuracy of her work, Mrs. Strunsky made a valuable contribution to the literary and economic discussion of her time in the articles which she contributed to the magazines and newspapers, and capped a career of distinguished journalistic writing with two volumes which won the warm encomiums of competent critics — "Workers Before and After Lenin" and "How to Tell Progress from Reaction."

But it is as woman and friend that Manya Gordon Strunsky will live before all else in the memory of her acquaintance—as a vivid and sparkling personality who gave of herself lavishly to those whom she loved and whose greatest joys came from their triumphs and happiness as well as from those of her family.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Add Reviewords

SIR: Some reviewers will not think
so hot o' me,
But I'm getting fed up with
"dichotomy."

ELAINE C. ADAMS

Spokane, Wash.

Lacking

SIR: In your November 17 issue I read an advertisement of "Carousel," a Theatre Guild production, which calls itself a new musical play. It certainly is. And the man who wrote the music, he who wrote book and lyrics, he who directed the play, and she who invented the dances are duly mentioned. But I missed a name. Not Molnar's name. It would be his agent's part to be surprised by this amusing omission. I missed the name of the immortal lad who brought all these gentlemen together. I missed the name of Liliom. Verdi showed perfect taste when he called his "Falstaff" Falstaff.

ERNEST LORSY

Cleveland, Ohio

A Soldier Author of '61-'65

SIR: In Merle D. Miller's review of "Beach Red," by Peter Bowman [*SRL* Dec. 8], the reviewer asks: "Can anyone name a novel about the Civil War written by a man who fought in it?" John Esten Cooke (1830 - 1886) served in the Confederate Army throughout the War Between the States. He wrote a series of novels, including "Surry of Eagle's Nest" (1866), "Hilt to Hilt" (1869), and "Mohun" (1869), in which the Civil War is seen through the eyes of Surry, a fictitious aide of Stonewall Jackson.

FRANK H. ELMORE, JR.

Washington, D.C.

In Defense of Shall

SIR: In *S.R.L.* Nov. 24 R. M. Crosby laments the passing of the word shall. I agree with him and feel it is a shame that a lovely word like shall should become obsolete.

It may be prejudice on my part, but I cannot help thinking that when a person defends the use of will for shall (as Lewis H. Chrisman does in *S.R.L.* Dec. 15) it is because that person is not familiar with the proper usage. I cannot argue with Mr. Chrisman about the age of the rule, but there *is* a rule that we were taught in school and I can see no reason why that rule should not be observed as well as, say, the rule governing the use of who and whom.

Although Mr. Crosby referred to only two examples, I am sure he would have no difficulty in compiling a much longer list from any magazine, newspaper, or book.

In *S.R.L.* Dec. 15 William Rose Benét wrote "I will never know why . . ." Surely that should have been shall.

Do you remember the character in a book by J. M. Barrie, a Scot who goes to London to become a newspaper writer? The London editor asks him if he understands the difference between shall and will, to which the Scot replies, "No, and I never will."

PERCY WEDLAKE

New Rochelle, N.Y.

"If you think this is bad you should have heard her the night a mouse ran across the stage."

"Heritage of Fire"

SIR: The review of "Heritage of Fire," by Theodore M. Purdy [*SRL*, Dec. 15], has a most appropriate title: "Decay of Musical Life in Germany." But what is embodied in the review itself is singularly incomplete and unaware of the book's more sinister implications.

Friedelind Wagner's book, which might well have been entitled "Whom the Gods Destroy, They First Make Mad," is, unwittingly, singularly revealing of the decadence of Teutonic life and character which foreordained Germany's collapse. She is truly a worthy descendant of her grandfather in building an aura about herself; and equally a daughter of Nazi philosophy, which inculcated the German youth with the will and desire to inform the world concerning the shortcomings of their parents.

In "telling all" about the machinations and evil of her mother, Fräulein Wagner has scarcely accomplished what she attempted: to place herself on a pedestal.

With all the visits, teas, "what I said," "what he said," *und so weiter*, of her long affiliation with Hitler, Fräulein Wagner's strangely pathological account should serve to warn us that we cannot afford in America to traffic with any of the musicians who served Hitler during his rise to power, who will attempt, now that their Fuehrer is no more, to return to the favor of America. The strong, Toscanini, Hindemith, Lotte Lehmann, *et al.*, spurned all Nazi wooing, and abandoned Germany at no matter what danger and sacrifice. The weak, in spite of futile struggles to retain their honor, remained. These latter people, no matter what pity may sway us, should vanish in the *Daemmerung* whose gloom has impregnated them. Our own problems, both in music and otherwise, are sufficiently great without bringing back artists whose lives and souls have been cursed by the Nazi scourge.

Fräulein Wagner would do well to disabuse her mind of the idea that Wagner's philosophy of music and drama was acclaimed as Nazi in spirit and ideology as a part of Nazi propaganda. In fact, she could not do better than to read Paul Henry Lang's brilliant article: "Background Music for 'Mein Kampf'," in the *SRL* of January 20, 1945.

ASHLEY PETTIS

New York, N.Y.

Another Nutrition Problem

SIR: Reading certain recent and rather severe comments upon the state of radio and movie program offerings prompts a bucolic summary:

Once Farmer Tim,
With sedulous vim,
Fed his bay steer
Corn in the ear.

Now, so I hear,
With similar vim
His radio feeds Tim.

CHARLES A. DAWSON

Salem, Va.

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Two Summaries of the War

THE STORY OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR. Edited with Historical Narrative. By Henry Steele Commager. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1945. 578 pp. $3.

THE WAR, Fifth Year. By Edgar McInnis. New York: Oxford University Press. 1945. 401 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by
BRIG. GEN. DONALD ARMSTRONG

UNTIL the chief actors have uttered their apologies and archives have given up their secrets, no real history of the Second World War can be written. So soon after the event, with the ineluctable dependence on official communiqués and the accounts of eye-witnesses, we know only in part. We ought to bear this in mind and not expect much beyond mere chronicle and journalism in the annals of World War II now being published.

Professor Commager is well aware of the inherent obstacles that hamper present attempts to write the history of the war. In his preface he readily admits:

> This book does not purport to be a history of the Second World War in any formal sense. It claims neither comprehensiveness nor authoritativeness. It is altogether too soon to write a systematic history of the war; even our own records are not now, and will not be for years, available to the student; records from our Allies are for the most part unavailable, and enemy records are either entirely inaccessible or destroyed.

Are those books then without value? If the reader does not forget the true nature of the best possible "history" written now, both serve a useful purpose, each in a different aspect of the war. Professors Commager and McInnis are competent and well-known historians. Neither of them belongs among the "narratores rerum non ornatores." Both adorn what they touch and succeed in arousing a desire for more light. And pending more and better illumination, their books are useful in providing a background and in recalling the main events of the recent cataclysm.

Professor Commager's own words will best characterize his purpose of making the Second World War easier to understand and to remember: He describes this book as "a series of stories, episodes , vignettes, descriptions, analyses, and historic statements by the men and women who participated in or observed or analyzed the war all bound together with a very general and, by any rigorous scholarly standards, uncritical running narrative."

His limited objective is to capture and make available the flavor of contemporary descriptions of the war, almost exclusively with respect to military and naval operations. Radio commentators, war correspondents, writers, and official statements provide the material. The editor's comments tie these observations together in a "story" that is certainly not history, as Professor Commager admits. Nevertheless, it has and will continue to have considerable interest in revealing the attitudes of the articulate observers of events and the extent of their knowledge and opinions in a war in which security demanded silence concerning many activities. It is a decidedly worth-while and opportune experiment.

Professor McInnis clearly and succinctly describes the events of the global war from October 1, 1943 to September 30, 1944. His book is the fifth in his well-known series, notable as were the earlier volumes of his synthesis of such disparate elements as geographical dispersion and war on land, sea, and in the air into a well integrated narrative. His impartiality is praiseworthy both in estimates of relative importance of the various theaters of war and in space allotted to each member of the great coalition fighting the Axis. He strives with considerable success to record the political and diplomatic as well as the purely military aspects of the war. The maps are helpful, and the documentary appendix, table of chronology, and a satisfactory index facilitate the use of the book for reference. Field Marshal Sir Henry Maitland Wilson's introduction summarizes effectively the significance of the strategic moves in this twelve month period.

Family on the Down Grade

THE SHADOW FALLS. By Georges Simenon. Translated by Stuart Gilbert. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 371 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

SINCE it is probably impossible to review a novel by Simenon without mentioning Maigret, let us mention him at once, as the man who is not there, who is, in fact, not missed. For despite its title (which is an unnecessary heightening of "Le Testament Donadieu"), this is not a detective story at all. It is a brilliant study of character, the character of a middle-class family markedly on the decline, done with the clarity and the astringent realism that seem always to be at the disposal of the French novelist. There is an unexplained death at the very start, but this is merely the inception not of a mystery but of a crescendo of family dissolution, and the tribute to Simenon's undoubted talents lies here in the fact that the cause of Oscar Donadieu's death is of little or no importance to us once we are involved in the fortunes of his wife and children.

Oscar Donadieu was the leading shipowner of the town of La Rochelle. He amassed a great fortune and a dominant position in that town, upon the crest of which his family rested as upon a bed of down. His disappearance from the scene precipitates them violently to earth. It is clear that more than money had held the Donadieus in place; it had been the strength, the industry, and the wisdom of Oscar himself. Now the family is resolved into its weak components: Mme. Donadieu the ineffectual matron, Michel the decadent son, Martine the headstrong daughter, the young boy Kiki. Added to these are Frederic Dargens and his son Philippe. Philippe is a rascally climber who woos Martine, runs off with her to Paris, and makes his way thus into the center of the Donadieu family, as its new figure of dominance. About himself and Martine the family's final catastrophe forms and mounts to its climax.

It would be difficult to say just which is most responsible for the book's fascination, the fatal thrashing about of this family in eclipse, or the set of individual portraits Simenon has worked in with a careful and unyielding pen. Each of them—Philippe and Frederic Dargens, Martine, Michel, Eve, the others—is a study in the fallibility and the passions and the pity of humanity, as finely done as though their creator had not spent the last fifteen or twenty years building the image of a burly, impassive detective with a pipe. No disrespect to the latter, be it understood. Maigret is all right. But if we can get this, if we can get a novel like this, in this unsuspected and masterful vein of social analysis, it gives us to think. Simenon has done all he can with and for Maigret. May we not regard this book as the token of another and more important turn in his activity?

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A SAMPLING FROM

Ten Reviews of

BEACH RED

A NOVEL BY

Peter Bowman

➡ **TIME MAGAZINE:** "Peter Bowman has established a literary beachhead. As an attempt to put in a fresh form an ageless experience (war), it is as hot as a shell fragment."

➡ **N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE:** "It has terrific emotional tension. One of the best of the war books so far."—*Lewis Gannett*

➡ **N. Y. WORLD TELEGRAM:** "The fury and horror of fighting, and the protective instinct that binds men together in a common danger welded together in a smashing piece of war writing. A running account of one Pacific operation, it scorches the paper on which it is written. He writes with drive and power . . . pounds out a fighting text."—*Harry Hansen*

➡ **NEWSWEEK:** "A distinguished and sustained war story. In many respects, the best instance of purely creative writing by any soldier-writer during 1945. In its moments of bitter reflection on the purposes of war it becomes a prose poem of almost Tolstoian depths."

➡ **CHICAGO SUN:** "This book will prove a unique and valuable experience . . . an experience you owe yourself. The story concerns a single hour of battle time as lived, internally and externally, by you and three other guys." —*A. C. Spectorsky*

➡ **N. Y. TIMES:** "It is graphic, exciting, moving, powerful."—*Orville Prescott*

➡ **SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE:** "A rare and wonderful book. Simple and moving, it tells the story not only of a landing on a tiny, unnamed Pacific island but, indeed, of all war everywhere. In form, it is an unusual novel. It succeeds, as no novel of the war has yet succeeded, in getting inside the fighting man and explaining what war is to the men who fight it."—*Merle D. Miller*

➡ **N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW:** "A typical, faithful and comprehensive record of the experience of war. You feel while you read that the assault on 'Beach Red' is actually happening. *You* are the central character, *you* are any soldier with any soldier's thoughts. As few books have dared to do, this one ponders on why men fight *while they are fighting.*"

➡ **N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE BOOK REVIEW:** "This exciting story has succeeded in conveying the feel and the sense of war. It is accurate, moving, and deeply felt."

➡ **PHILADELPHIA RECORD:** "A great new talent has emerged from the war. Brilliant, extraordinarily gifted, Bowman may well develop into one of the great authors of our generation. This column surrenders unconditionally to Peter Bowman."—*Charles Lee*

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TRADE Winds

THE LIFE OF RALLY

I HAVE JUST returned from an abbreviated War Bond tour of the South, in company with Kathleen Winsor, her husband, Carl Van Doren, MacKinlay Kantor, Julian Street, Jr., and our incomparable chaperone, Agnella Gunn. I am happy to report that the public at large is not nearly so indifferent to post-war developments or unaware of the slimy efforts of certain sections of Congress and the press to cause trouble with our former allies as sundry gloomy reports from correspondents would indicate. The college and high-school students in particular struck me as alert and impervious to Hearst-McCormick-Patterson editorial hooey; the mere mention of the name of John O'Donnell was usually the signal for a vociferous and soul-satisfying round of boos and derisive hoots. The bond drive itself went over much better than insiders dared to hope. There is a Washington rumor to the effect that Fred Vinson told Mr. Morgenthau when he took over the job of Secretary of the Treasury, "You lucky stiff, you're getting out at the top!" The figures on the Victory Loan, however, would indicate that there are plenty of rabbits left in the hat for Mr. Vinson to extricate.

THE FIRST QUESTION everybody asked me when I came home was, "What kind of a dame is that Kay Winsor?" I liked her a lot. She is unspoiled, sensitive, and unbelievably shy. Jokes about "Forever Amber" displease her intensely; in fact, she seems determined to avoid talking about the book at all wherever possible, and states repeatedly that if she ever writes another novel at all, it certainly will not be anything like "Amber." Hilda Kassell reports that in Carole Stupell's gift shop Miss Winsor examined sets of table glasses. She rejected one exhibit with a grim, "No, no! *Anything* but amber!" Laurence Schwab, the producer, introduced her at a bond luncheon in Miami, and, intending only to rib her gently, outraged her to the point where she came rushing back to the hotel in tears, and locked herself in her room for hours. We never could get her to tell us one thing he said. Pete Street and I had been playing hooky, and getting a rub down and swim at the Roney beach, although the temperature was a snappy 65°. Pete is about to desert his Treasury post for an editorial role at Putnam's, and I thought it important for him to learn how hard-working publishers live.

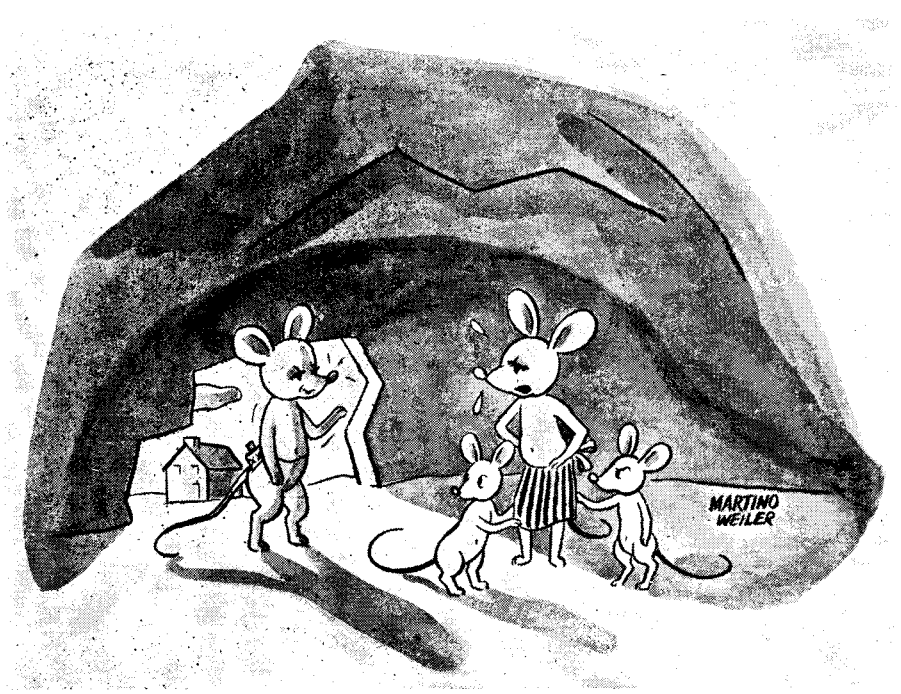
MISS WINSOR'S HUSBAND, Lt. Bob Herwig, is a strapping fellow who was an All-American football star at the University of California before he enlisted in the Marines. He was wounded twice at Guam and once at Okinawa, and when he pleaded for the absolute necessity of friendly coöperation with Russia and Britain, he was expressing the deepfelt conviction of millions of Americans who had seen military service. The kids in particular loved him.

John Dickson Carr, the English mystery writer, was supposed to be a member of our troupe, but having written stories for years in which heroes and villains vanished, Mr. Carr evidently determined that this was the moment to surpass all previous accomplishments and make himself disappear. We thought for a moment he was being delivered to us by special messenger in Atlanta, but it turned out to be only Agnella Gunn's suitcase, which she succeeded in leaving behind at every airport.

OUR FIRST STOP was at Nashville, where, between rallies, I had time to visit Elsie Stokes, one of the Southland's most distinguished booksellers, and do a little concentrated sightseeing with A. L. Crabb, who has explored Tennessee history in "Dinner at the Belmont," "Supper at the Maxwell House," and "Breakfast at the Hermitage," and will doubtless continue writing books as long as there remain Nashville hostelries to name them after. Dr. Crabb told me of the time President Teddy Roosevelt put up at the Maxwell House. He smacked his lips over the coffee and exclaimed, "This is good to the last drop." That's how slogans are born. This one cost General Foods several million dollars. Dr. Crabb sighed that the theses he was getting from his students today were hardly in a class with one turned in a few years ago by an undisciplined youngster named Jesse Stuart. "Before I had time to correct it," said Crabb, "he had sold it to *Esquire!*"

One of the most surprising sights in Nashville is a full-scale replica of the Parthenon, located in Centennial Park. Evidently it is old hat to the natives, because there wasn't a soul in sight when we rolled by to inspect it. Ten miles outside the city is the Hermitage, the beautifully preserved country estate of Andrew Jackson, whom Nashvilleites still talk about with the same reverence reserved for their more contemporary idol, Cordell Hull. Dr. Crabb marched me a quarter of a mile in a driving rain to select a hickory nut for me from a grove of trees planted by Jackson himself. I was impressed, but would have swapped it on an even basis for a pair of galoshes.

OUR FLIGHT from Nashville to Atlanta was something for the books. We



"Rupert, you're nothing but a dirty, no-good rat!"

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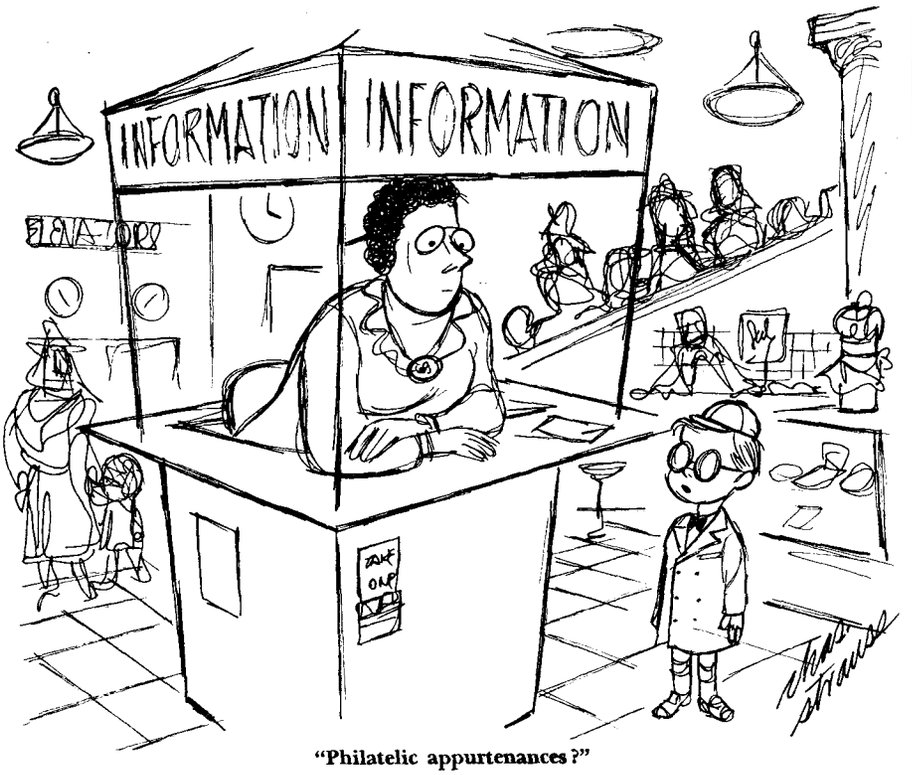

"Philatelic appurtenances?"

bumped and sideslipped through a steady downpour for three hours, strapped to our seats, and then circled the Atlanta airport for a full hour before they would let us come in. It seems there must be a three-hundred-foot ceiling before commercial aircraft are allowed to land—a wise precaution which I am afraid we did not appreciate at the time. When we led Miss Winsor from the plane, she was an interesting color, but decidedly not amber. Although it was now past three in the morning, a wonderful lady named Mrs. Taylor, of the Georgia Power Company, was waiting to meet us, with some home-cooked fried chicken and cake in her hamper. Kay Winsor didn't want any. From three A.M. we had absolutely nothing to do until nine thirty, when we were scheduled for a radio interview. The Life of Rally is not the Life of Riley!

Atlanta is a city of beautiful homes. Everybody seems to have gotten rich by owning Coca-Cola stock, backing Bobby Jones in golf tournaments, or writing "Gone with the Wind." I had conceived the notion of persuading Miss Winsor and Margaret Mitchell to collaborate on a sure-fire sizzler in which Amber would sweep Rhett Butler off his feet, or vice versa. Miss Mitchell scotched this notion, however, by reporting herself "out of town." On Miss Winsor's previous visit to Atlanta, Miss Mitchell explained her failure to attend a scheduled luncheon by declaring she was "allergic to roses." Evidently she wants to be alone.

A feature of the Atlanta rally was a sort of amateur "Information Please" in which the local talent, Medora Perkerson and Dean Raimundo de Ovies, made monkeys, I fear, of the visiting firemen. Another highlight was a party at Rich's impressive department store, featured by a huge sale of bonds and the dramatic entrance of Mrs. Dick Rich, who looks so much like Beatrice Lillie that she herself is sometimes confused. During the festivities, our impressionable Scotch driver, Sgt. Neal O'Neal, was kidnapped by a local beauty named Audrey Schwab, so we had to proceed to our next engagement on foot.

CARL VAN DOREN had to leave us at Atlanta because of a previous commitment in Washington. After that he had to report to his four-year-old grandson, who brooks no delays. Last summer the youngster heard that Carl was working in his own garden. "He just can't do that," he cried. "Tell him to come here right away. He works for us!" There is no more inspiring figure in the literary world than Carl Van Doren. He has the unusual faculty of making all the people around him seem a lot nicer than they really are.

Our day in Miami was comparatively calm until Walter Tarleton Jacobs volunteered to conduct us to the evening rally. Delirious because Greta Garbo, Sinatra, and Al Jolson all were scheduled to be guests of his hotel at the same time next month, Walter drove us with unerring accuracy to a Miami school. Unfortunately

"From where I sit"

THE floor was pretty deep in Christmas wrappings when my host put some whisky in my martini and added a dash of oil of peppermint. From then on my vision fogged considerably and where there had been one copy of **The King's General** on my lap, I now saw two. The result was that I read every line twice so that while I am now only half way through the book, I am just twice as familiar with it as you are.

You often hear that you should not write a book outside of your own experience, and while that advice need not apply to so skilled a writer as MISS DU MAURIER, in a broad sense she sticks to it. Though the book starts out in September of 1653, the setting is southwestern England where the author was brought up. In fact she now lives in Menabilly, the trim but rambling mansion which rides the storm through **The King's General.** It was around Menabilly, barely tenanted by descendants of the original owners and a ghost, decaying under pelting rains, shrouded in fingerlike fogs that bug the ground, that MISS DU MAURIER prowled, possessed with strange feelings. Everyone thought her mad when she bought the place.

Probing into historical records, she found her house to be a historical goldmine, or should I give away a secret of the plot and say silvermine. Tripping over electricians and plumbers, she began to relive in her mind's eye the lives of rash Sir Richard Grenvile, young John Rashleigh, venomous Gartred Grenvile, and at last she settled her affections and her pen on the bright and tortured character of Honor Harris who became the heroine in history and in the book.

You can see then that the author was not only familiar with the surroundings and their history, she was steeped in them. When I began to read the book double, I was steeped in them, so much so that when a guest at the Christmas party called across the room to my friend Richard, I sent him to the gallows for disturbing the peace, my peace.

paul

DOUBLEDAY

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it was not the one at which the rally was scheduled, but since it was only sixteen miles away, we forgave him. On the ride, MacKinlay Kantor told a story about John Erskine. A reporter who didn't know Erskine was scheduled to interview him, and the author watched him approach two other men in the hotel lobby, asking, "Are you Mr. Erskine?" The first man answered, "Good God, no!" The second answered, "No, but how I wish I were!" The question that haunted Mr. Erskine for days was: "Which one of the two men has read my new book?"

IN MANY RESPECTS, the most enjoyable and rewarding day of our tour was the one spent in Winter Park and Orlando. Mrs. Ruth Smith, the peppery president of the Sorosis Club, was about the slickest mistress of ceremonies I've encountered in years, and Nina Oliver Dean more than held her own with the whole lot of us in a riotously successful broadcast. It was exciting to jump from an audience of three hundred society clubwomen to a couple of thousand G.I.'s at the Orlando Air Base, and to top that off with an evening turnout composed largely of Rollins College students and faculty. Rollins specializes in female tennis champions (Miss Betz and the Bundys) but also produces some mighty keen students of literature. Mrs. Charles MacDowell ran off the exacting day's schedule without a hitch, and Colonel Louis Orr topped it with some memorable stories of the marvels in plastic surgery accomplished during the past two years. Mac Kantor was so impressed that he tossed away his prepared speech and read the audience a new poem he had completed in Miami the evening before. It went over with a bang.

Winter Park boasts a local celebrity known as Uncle Mike whom we unfortunately were unable to meet, since he was locked up in the local calaboose. It seems that, a few days before, Uncle Mike had driven his jalopy first into a mail truck, then Mayor Halverstadt's sedan, and finally into a grocery-store window. Surrounded by broken glass, he was heard calling to his nephew in the back seat, "Pass me that bottle, Willie. I might as well be good and drunk as in the fix I'm in now!" Colonel Orr told me that a committee once tried to persuade Uncle Mike to raise poultry. "Poultry?" said Uncle Mike. "Nothing doing! My damn chickens would eat it all up."

I don't know exactly how many miles we covered in a single week, or how many speeches all of us made. I do know that we were sorry when the trip was over, and sorrier still that there would be no more like it. Solo lecture tours must be a terrific chore, but done in a troupe like this, with a lovely girl from the Treasury Department to take care of all the troublesome details and baby the participants at every turn, they are a joyous and exciting interlude. The thought that everybody concerned in them is contributing in some small measure to the welfare of the country gives an additional fillip to the occasion.

The Book and Author War Bond Committee, under the leadership of Mark Van Doren and Dorothy Pratt, has performed a bang-up job all the way through, and can retire to private life with the knowledge that it has done the entire book world proud.

BENNETT CERF

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING			REMARKS
	Balance	*Realism*	*Surface*	
SCHUMANN, *Piano Concerto in A Minor*, Claudio Arrau, Detroit Symphony, Karl Kreuger — V 1009 (4)	Good	B	A	2nd best performance; coldish. Recording unaccountably dull. Arrau better for Beethoven.
BEETHOVEN, *Ninth Symphony*, Philadelphia Orchestra, Westminster Choir, Ormandy CM 591 (7)	Good. Soloists in their place	AA	A	Brilliant recording, well balanced, exciting, highly realistic. Rodzinki reading fast, unrelaxed, otherwise excellent.
BORODIN, *Prince Igor* (excerpts), Theatre State Orchestra and Soloists, Bolshoi Asch 800 (5P)	Uneven, probably due to movements of singers on stage.	A	Plastic. Good but seems delicate.	First rate performance, recording uneven. Plastic surface beautifully quiet, but don't risk with heavy pickup. Unusual music in best Russian tradition.
MOZART, *Sonatas for Organ and Strings*, E. Power Biggs, Arthur Fielder Sinfonietta VM 1019 (3)	Good	A	A	Short one-movement sonatas, light-hearted style. Excellent Mozart. Performance vigorous but rough. Echo somewhat disturbing. Unusual music.

A YEAR or so ago the writer deplored in these pages the fact that of the splendid and comprehensive pre-war library of recordings, something like two-thirds had been quietly removed from the catalogues under pressure of war restrictions, including a disastrously long list of memorable and unusual music.

Now that conditions are improving, the test has come: are we permanently to lose many of these priceless recordings, or will most of them be restored to the dealers' shelves?

The situation is complex, and it is perhaps too soon to judge intentions. We have no new radios; automobiles and refrigerators are only promised. Until these things are abundant, and with them unlimited record material and millions of new phonographs, we can't blame manufacturers for playing safe.

And there is the plastic record.

It is likely that any general reissue of withdrawn records will wait for plastic, or until plastic finds its place. It is not generally understood that an existing recording can be re-pressed on plastic with results that are *a decided improvement over the original issue*, both in fidelity and in background hiss.

It is noteworthy that Columbia, which has not offered plastic, has already re-issued a good many old sets, whereas Victor apparently is holding back.

It will be well worth your while to replace your old recordings with plastic repressings—if and when they appear at standard prices. Meanwhile the few expensive plastics now issued will show you (on a good machine) what may be expected. Watch this department for more on the question of plastics, pro and con.

THE DISCOGRAPHER

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Married in Haste

THE LONG ROAD. By Natalie Shipman. New York: Prentice-Hall. 1945. 183 pp. $2.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

IT is happening in more than one novel, but it is happening all over America, too, and therefore the theme continues to have a legitimate and universal appeal. This is the story of the service men who are now returning to the unknown women they married in haste and of the young strangers who once believed themselves in love but who are now faced with the problem of working their way through a maze of misunderstanding toward a durable union—or into the divorce courts.

Tom Allison's case is slightly complicated by a morose seriousness acquired in battle, by an injured leg which prevents him from leading a normally active existence, by the acceptance of a job he dislikes, and by a wife, Brooke, who, becoming financially independent during his absence, has built up a way of life and collected a group of friends quite foreign to his own temperament. Tom and Brooke know each other so little that despite good intentions on both sides they constantly disagree about fundamentals; indeed, each for a while discovers companionship elsewhere that promises more real understanding. The moral of the tale, as Brooke learns in the end, is that in union there is strength but also compromise, that a man must be allowed to make his own mistakes and that his job is in many ways more important than his marriage. All the minor characters are as comfortably sound as this philosophy and as real as one's next-door neighbors.

The story, readable and competent though undistinguished, is told without subtlety or pretentiousness; it treats its popular material with bread-and-butter honesty and simplicity. Lending libraries would do well to order several copies.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Ambrose Bierce: "The Damned Thing."
2. H. C. Bunner: "The Love Letters of Smith."
3. Theophile Gautier: "The Mummy's Foot."
4. Henry S. Harrison: "Miss Hinch."
5. W. W. Jacobs: "The Monkey's Paw."
6. Ring Lardner: "Haircut."
7. Stephen Leacock: "Gertrude the Governess."
8. Dorothy Parker: "Big Blonde."
9. Edgar Allan Poe: "The Cask of Amontillado."
10. R. L. Stevenson: "Markheim."

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Seeing Things

LEST WE FORGET

THERE are travel authors to whom globe-trotting is a profession. There are authors who, as vacationists, travel far and wide. But books are greater travelers than the most itinerant bipeds who may write them. Their cruising range is a measure of their power. They can bob up in the most unexpected places and keep the most unlikely company. As an illustration, let me offer the British destroyer upon which I happened to find myself three years ago this December, and a volume I encountered on her.

The North Sea is a cold and desolate place in winter. It can toss then like a giant cursed with nightmares. A destroyer, at largest, is a small vessel. With some sister ships, lunging in her manner, this particular destroyer had three duties to perform.

One of these was to dodge mines. Another was to protect a convoy of grubby little trawlers as, by night and day, they edged along the British coast, carrying food to undernourished Britain. The third was to scan these icy and turbulent waters for German E-boats, the Nazi's swift equivalents of our own swifter PT boats. As marauders these E-boats had proved more than troublesome. Like the U-boats, they had sent Allied vessel after Allied vessel to the bottom. We were moving through a cemetery of such ships. Our course was marked by the funnels and masts of these lost vessels as, with uncomfortable regularity, they protruded above the shallow water.

The atmosphere of the North Sea, this arctic December, was, in other words, scarcely that of a well-ordered library. What is more, our skipper could by no stretch of the imagination be described as a bookish man. He was, however, an amiable Englishman of thirty-five. He had been to America. He liked Americans. For Boston he felt a special fondness.

Did I say this English skipper was not literary? To a certain extent I am wrong. He did collect books; the oddest of odd volumes; the strangest of paper-bound books. If the ugly truth must out, he collected, of all idiosyncratic things, match-books; match-books pocketed in hotels, restaurants, and bars up and down our east coast. He was fascinated by them. He had a large silver bowl in his cabin filled with them. From it he would produce these match-books with a pride equal to A. Edward Newton's when he displayed a first folio.

The skipper's collection of larger, more serious, less inflammatory volumes was limited to three books. One of these was the Bible, which he consulted under Sabbath compulsion. The second was whatever is the Royal Navy's unjuicy stand-in for our own arid "Navy Regulations." The third? This was the book which caught my eye. It was a slim, well-thumbed volume of poetry from which this British captain loved to read out loud. In particular he cherished two sections in this narrative poem.

"Jolly good," he would say, nodding his head and smiling as he read,

> "So, Susan, my dear," the letter began,
> "You've fallen in love with an Englishman.
> Well, they're a manly, attractive lot,
> If you happen to like them, which I do not."

Then, turning the pages of "The White Cliffs," he would come to another section and pause. And read again. The lines he next read were lines over which most of us had paused in Alice Duer Miller's poem. In wartime they meant much to us. In terms of 1919 they stated the dream for the future in everyone's heart.

> How beautiful upon the mountains,
> How beautiful upon the downs,
> How beautiful in the village post office,
> On the pavements of towns—
> How beautiful in the huge print of newspapers,
> Beautiful while telegraph wires hum,
> While telephone bells wildly jingle,
> The news that peace has come—
> That peace has come at last—that all wars cease.
>
> How beautiful upon the mountains are the footsteps
> Of the messengers of peace!

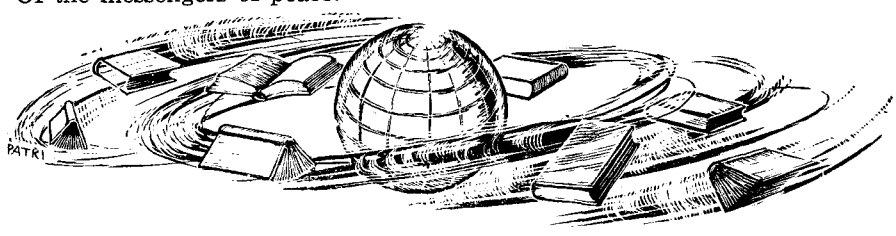
Well, peace has come at last. But certainly the peace into which we have moved is not the peace any of us dreamed of during those long, desperate, lonely war years. Certainly it has none of the ecstasy about it which all of us, old enough to remember the last Armistice, felt when World War I came to an end.

Although the guns are silent, we know now that we continue to live under the threat of death, this time in the form of that mass annihilation which the atomic bomb has made possible. We have plunged into peace as if there had been no war. We have plunged into plenty as if others were not in want. All too many Americans appear to have forgotten there ever was a war. Not only in this country but everywhere in the world we suffer from a woeful lack of that leadership which would have dramatized the peace for us as the war was dramatized. We would have done better to keep on with our rationing. Its removal has merely deceived us. It has encouraged us to believe what we want to believe rather than what we know to be true. It has persuaded us that everything is as it should be, though in our hearts we realize the reverse is true.

Having survived the threat of death, we now face the graver challenge of living. The coalescence we felt in wartime, the proud identification with a nation endangered, the willing sense of self-sacrifice, the awareness of a cause larger than ourselves—all of these have begun to vanish. The old selfishnesses have reappeared, not singly, but in droves. For the moment, we are not only militarily demobilized. We are spiritually demobilized, too.

Confusion reigns heavily in most minds and hearts. This confusion does not simplify the problems of the novelist, the dramatist, or the scenarist. The writer writes most easily when he has certainties from which to write; when he is sure of his own wants or thinks he knows what his readers want. He neither feels these certainties within himself today. Nor can he find them readily in others.

Of only one thing, itself a commentary and a sad one, is he supposed to be sure. On all sides, he is told that the public at large, even the public in this country, so blessedly spared the direct horrors of war, wants to



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THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

A New Musical Play
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d,
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Iva Withers, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Christine Johnson, Jean Casto
MAJESTIC, W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by Richard Rodgers — Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd — Directed by Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by Agnes de Mille
Harold Keel • Joseph Buloff • Betty Jane Watson • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat

MICHAEL TODD Presents
MAURICE EVANS
IN HIS NEW PRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S
HAMLET
COLUMBUS CIRCLE THEATRE
BROADWAY at 59th STREET • CO. 5-1173
Evenings 8:40 • Matinees Thurs. & Sat., 2:40

"UP IN CENTRAL PARK"
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Lyrics by DOROTHY FIELDS
Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG
BROADWAY THEA., B'way & 53 St.
MATS. WED. & SAT.

NEW YORK'S No. 1 MUSICAL HIT!
OLIVER SMITH and PAUL FEIGAY present
Uproarious NANCY WALKER in
ON THE TOWN
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Book & Lyrics by BETTY COMDEN & ADOLPH GREEN. Music by LEONARD BERNSTEIN. Dances by JEROME ROBBINS
MARTIN BECK Theatre, 45th St. W. of 8th Ave.
CI. 6-6363. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. 2:40

Frank Fay
in 'Harvey'
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

THE PLAYWRIGHTS COMPANY presents
BETTY FIELD
in ELMER RICE'S New Comedy
DREAM GIRL
Staged by THE AUTHOR
CORONET Theatre, 49th St., West of Broadway
Evgs. 8:35. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:35

forget the war itself. Such favorites of the war period as "Up Front" and "Brave Men" may still retain their lead on the list of non-fiction best sellers. Though a product of the peace, General Marshall's "Report" may also figure prominently there. Yet publishers assure our writers the war is taboo. So do booksellers. So do producers.

So too, may I add, did the box-office failure of such a superior film as that fine, stirring documentary, "The True Glory." Yes, and the failure—again at the box office in New York—of such a rewarding war play as Harry Brown's episode at Cassino, known as "A Sound of Hunting." And so does the scant sale of many a war book brought out recently which, if published six months back, would have sold well. "Too bad we got caught with it," the publishers explain. Too bad, indeed, when V-J Day was only five months back, and when one short, overcrowded year ago the Battle of the Bulge had just been fought.

Two explanations for this present apathy to war subjects are usually given. With unfailing swiftness. Just as if they were original. Just as if they were conclusive.

The first of these insists that time is required to produce first-rate war writing. That we must wait another five or ten years for authors to have achieved within themselves that percolation of experience from which the final writing will come. That it will also take this long for the public to regain its interest in the war as a subject.

"Remember," the argument runs, with truth on its side, "that 'The Trojan Women' was the only great war play written in wartime. Remember that, after the last war, the theatre had to wait six years for 'What Price Glory?' and ten years for 'Journey's End'. Remember how long readers waited to be rewarded with such

THEATRE INCORPORATED presents
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
RAYMOND MASSEY
Pygmalion
by BERNARD SHAW
Staged by CEDRIC HARDWICKE
BARRYMORE, W. 47, Evs. 8:30 Mat. Wed. & Sat.

"HURRY, FOLKS & GET YOUR TICKETS" N.Y. Times
Richard Kollmar & Jas. W. Gardiner present
ARE YOU WITH IT?
JOHN ROBERTS JIMMY DURANTE LEW PARKER DOLORES GRAY
Jane Deering • Jane Dulo • June Richmond
CENTURY Thea. 59th St. & 7th Ave. Cl. 7-3121
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

JOHN C. WILSON'S
Gay Musicals
The DAY Before SPRING
Book & Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
Irene MANNING • Bill JOHNSON
John ARCHER
Ballets by ANTONY TUDOR
NATIONAL W. 41 St. Eve. 8:30 Mat. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
in association with NAT GOLDSTONE
BLOOMER GIRL
NANETTE FABRAY • DAVID BROOKS • DOOLEY WILSON • DOROTHY JARNAC
Music by HAROLD ARLEN
Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG
Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY
Based on the play by LILITH & DAN JAMES
SHUBERT W. 44 St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre
MARTHA SCOTT • JOHN BEAL • VICKI CUMMINGS
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents
the Voice of the Turtle
by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • VIVIAN VANCE
CHICAGO — Selwyn Theatre

Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein 2d present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with J. TETZEL, A. GESSNER, R. BISHOP
MUSIC BOX, W. 45th St. • Matinees Thurs. & Sat.

"It's a Hit!" — MORNHOUSE, The Sun
DEEP ARE THE ROOTS
FULTON Theatre, 46th St. West of B'way.
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:40

"Musical wow of the season." Walter Winchell
PAULA STONE & HUNT STROMBERG, Jr. present
VICTOR HERBERT'S
Most Famous Musical Comedy
The RED MILL
with MICHAEL O'SHEA • EDDIE FOY, Jr.
ODETTE MYRTIL • DOROTHY STONE
46th ST. THEATRE — W. of Bway — CI 6-4759
Eves 8:40 — Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

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books as Sassoon's 'Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man' or Remarque's 'All Quiet on the Western Front.' And how long all of us had to wait for such films as 'The Big Parade' or 'The Grand Illusion'."

The second explanation is that people are tired of the war. They not only want—they deserve escape. Yes, escape, even in this country. This explanation points out how peace raises the standards of battle writing. How books, movies, and plays have to be better now than they once were. How in wartime our emotions, our hopes, and our apprehensions gloss over the deficiencies of what is produced. How danger compels us to accept what security prompts us to reject. It points out, too, that personal experience stories are mainly out of date. And that the day of extrovert coverage by war correspondents is gone for good.

All this is beyond dispute. Yet my own fear is that most people have gone too far in their escapism. There is no escape from the future. Certainly they have gone too far if, as readers, movie-goers, and theatre-lovers, they outlaw the war as a theme instead of considering the individual merits of each new book, film, or play which continues to have war as its subject.

To erase the war from our minds because the guns have ceased firing is an act full of ingratitude no less than danger. We owe it to the men who have returned and are returning to understand, at least vicariously, what they have undergone. Also, for our future well-being as a country we need desperately in a troubled world to face the facts of modern total warfare.

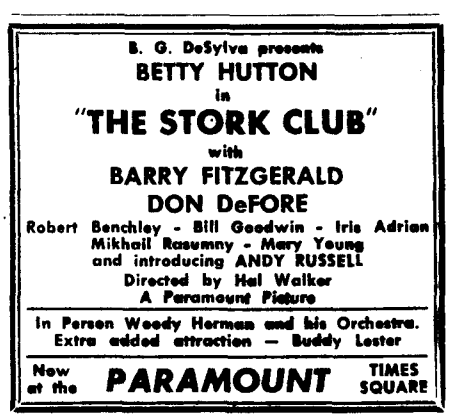
Our lack of war exposure only adds to our difficulties in comprehending the problems of the peace. It finds us divided within ourselves between those who were there, and those who, because they were here, can neither be expected to believe nor imagine the conditions which even now persist elsewhere. A choice, wise enough to be self-indulgent, would be to accept hungrily and gratefully any documentary so magnificent as "The True Glory"; any play so interesting, in spite of its faults, as "A Sound of Hunting"; and certainly any interpretation of jungle warfare so fine as Peter Bowman's "Beach Red."

If we would know what has been, what is, and what may be again, we cannot wait for poetry born of emotion recollected in tranquillity. Let's face it. Tranquillity is a luxury we are not apt to enjoy again in our lifetime.

JOHN MASON BROWN

SCREEN

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center
"Beautiful, inspiring, entrancing."
—Barnes, Herald Tribune
Bing Crosby
Ingrid Bergman
in Leo Mc Carey's
"The Bells of St. Mary's"
HENRY TRAVERS
WILLIAM GARGAN
Released by
RKO Radio Pictures
ON STAGE: "HEIGH-HO" — Delightful musical fantasy . . . produced by Leonidoff . . . with the Corps de Ballet, Rockettes and Symphony Orchestra, direction of Charles Previn.



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 614)

RUDYARD KIPLING:
*WE AND THEY**

We shoot birds with a gun.
  They stick lions with spears.
Their full dress is un—.
  We dress up to Our ears.
They like Their friends for tea.
  We like Our friends to stay;
And, after all that, They look upon
    We
  As an utterly ignorant They.

*From "Debits and Credits".

ART EXHIBITIONS
JANUARY

AKRON, OHIO
Art Institute: Paintings by William Sommer, to Jan. 30.

ALBANY, N.Y.
Institute of History and Art: Painting in Canada, Jan. 9-Feb. 10.

AUBURN, N.Y.
Cayuga Museum: Rationalist Show, Western N.Y. Artists; Historical Exhibit, Shoes in History; Health Exhibit, Rheumatic Fever; Industrial Exhibit, Modern Plastics, all, through Jan.

BALTIMORE, MD.
Museum of Art: Prints by Paul Klee, to Jan. 6; Teaching elements of Design, to Jan. 13; Photographic Salon, Embroidered Pictures, to Jan. 20; Soviet Children's Art, to Jan. 23; Modern Advertising Art, to Jan. 24; Annual All Maryland Artists' Exhibition, Jan. 27-Feb. 3. 19th and 20th Century French Paintings, current.
Walters Art Gallery: Jewelry, to Feb. 16.

BLOOMFIELD HILLS, MICH.
Cranbrook Academy: European Artists in the U.S., to Jan. 16.

BOSTON, MASS.
Institute of Modern Art: Members of the Institute Show, to Jan. 6.
Boris Mirski Gallery: Third Generation: Mexico, 1945, to Jan. 5.
Museum of Fine Arts: Special Christmas Exhibition, to Jan. 6; Lithographs and woodcuts by Paul Gauguin, to Jan. 31; Zoe Oliver Sherman Collection, Jan. 29-Feb. 24.

BUFFALO, N.Y.
Albright Art Gallery: Buffalo Artists Traveling Exhibition, to Jan. 10.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
Fogg Art Museum: Medieval Korean Pottery from the Collection of Charles B. Hoyt, Graphic Art of Daumier, through Jan. 31.

CHICAGO, ILL.
Art Institute: 56th Annual American Exhibition, to Jan. 1; Early Middle Western Buildings, to Jan. 2; Threads from Spain, through Jan.; Chinese Costumes and Accessories, to Feb. 3; Looking at Sculpture, through June 1; Bellows, opening Jan. 31.
Associated American Artists: Group Show, to Jan. 18; David Mink, Jan. 18-Feb. 5.

CINCINNATI, OHIO
Modern Art Society: Modern Art in Advertising, to Jan. 20; Before, During, and After (Veterans' Show), Jan. 15-Feb. 15.

CLEVELAND, OHIO
Museum of Art: Art of the Americas, Photographs by Fritz Henle, through Jan. 6; Etchings and Lithographs by Rodolphe Bresdin, through Jan. 13; Abstract Painting, through Jan. 31; 17th Exhibition of Contemporary

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American Paintings, Jan. 11-through Feb. 17.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

Fine Arts Center: Paintings by Darrel Austin and Nahum Tschacbasov, Prints by Posada, lent by the Art Institute of Chicago, through Jan.

COLUMBIA, S.C.

University of S.C. Library: Paintings by Morris Topchevsky, Jan. 2-19; Paintings by Earl Hayes, Jan. 2-Feb. 2.

COLUMBUS, OHIO

Gallery of Fine Arts: Chinese Sculpture, to Jan. 20.

DALLAS, TEXAS

Museum of Fine Arts: 5th Annual Texas Print Exhibition, to Jan. 6; Ceramics by Houston Artists, to Jan. 13; Paintings and Drawings by Boardman Robinson, to Jan. 20.

DENVER, COLO.

Art Museum: Chappell House Galleries—Denver Artists' Guild, Annual Exhibition, to Jan. 5; Prints by Daumier, lent by Charles F. Ramus, to Jan. 12; Questions of Taste in Art, Jan. 10-Feb. 24.

HARTFORD, CONN.

Wadsworth Atheneum: The Nude in Art, Jan. 2 through Feb. 3.

HUNTINGTON, L.I.

Hecksher Museum: American Landscape Paintings of the Nineteenth Century, through March 21.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Herron Art Institute: Contemporary American Paintings, to Jan. 27.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

William Rockhill Nelson Gallery: 5th Annual Missouri Exhibition, Jan. 4-31.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Art Institute: Kearney Memorial Regional Art Exhibition, Negro American Portraits, Jan. 4-31.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Institute of Arts: Power in the Pacific (Museum of Modern Art), Jan. 12-Feb. 9.

University Gallery: John Rood in Retrospect, through Jan. 11.

Walker Art Center: Greeting Cards and Reproductions of Fine Paintings, through Jan. 6; Ideas for Better Living, through Jan.; Paintings by Milwaukee Artists' Group, Jan. 9-31.

NEWARK, N.J.

Artists of Today Gallery: Maxwell Stewart Simpson, through Jan. 12; Mildred Marlo, Jan. 14-26; Catherine Lamb, Jan. 28-Feb. 9.

Museum: Crayon Techniques (Junior Museum Members), through Jan. 15; Changing Tastes in Painting and Sculpture, through the early Spring.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Delgado Museum: Portrait of America (Artists for Victory), Jan. 8-31.

NEW YORK CITY

A.C.A. Gallery, 63 E. 57 St.: Hy Cohen, Jan. 1 through Jan. 12; Louis Ribak, to Jan. 12; Minna Citron, Jan. 7 through Jan. 26; Abraham Harriton, Jan. 14 through Feb. 2.

An American Place, 509 Madison Ave.: John Marin, to Jan. 17.

Argent Galleries, 42 W. 57 St.: Paintings by J. Mortimer Lichtenauer, Black and Whites by R. Rose Kappel, Water Colors by Margaret Potter, Jan. 2-19.

Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave.: The Story of Oil (Standard Oil Co. of N.J.), Jan. 8-19; Drawings and water colors by Chaim Gross, Jan. 21-Feb. 2; Gertrude Abercrombie, Jan. 24-Feb. 6.

Babcock Galleries, 38 E. 57 St.: 19th and 20th Century American Artists, to Jan. 19; Lewis Daniel, Jan. 21-Feb. 9.

Barzansky Gallery, 664 Madison Ave.: Paintings by G. S. Lipson, Jan. 8-26.

Bignou Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: Recent Paintings by Jacques Zucker, Jan. 8 through 26.

Bonestell Gallery, 18 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Eliena Krylenko, Sculpture and Painting by Ruth Zack, to Jan. 5; Paintings by Jacques Ely Kahn, Pottery and Watercolors by W. B. Dalton, Jan. 7-19.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway: Landscape Painting, Landscape water colors and photographs, to Jan. 1.

Buchholz Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: Sculpture by David Smith, Jan. 2-26; Paintings by Graham Sutherland, Jan. 22-Feb. 9.

Carroll Carstairs Gallery, 11 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Edgar Kirby, Jan. 8-26.

Contemporary Arts, Inc., 106 E. 57 St.: Water colors by Bernard Klonis, Jan. 7 through 25; Briggs Dyer, Jan. 27 through Feb.

Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Sq.: Special exhibition of Textiles, Etchings, and Glass (in connection with Course in Western Civilization), through Jan. 26.

Demotte Galleries, Inc., 39 E. 51 St.: Garcia-Lema, through Jan.

Downtown Gallery, 32 E. 51 St.: Bernard Karfiol, Jan. 3 through 26.

Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57 St.: Modern Religious Paintings (for the Benefit of Grosvenor House), Jan. 8 through Feb. 2.

Durlacher Bros., 11 E. 57 St.: Hyman Bloom, Jan. 7-Feb. 2.

Eighth Street Gallery, 33 W. 8 St.: Studies of Children, by Margaret Kerr, Jan. 1-Feb. 4; Bronx Artists' Guild, Jan. 6-20.

Feigl Gallery, 601 Madison Ave.: De Hirsh Margules, Jan. 10-31.

Ferargil Gallery, 63 E. 57 St.: Christmas Group, small paintings, to Jan. 1.

Galerie St. Etienne, 46 W. 57 St.: Masters of the 20th Century, through Jan.

Hugo Gallery, 26 E. 55 St.: Poetic Theater, to Jan. 12.

Kleemann Galleries, 65 E. 57 St.: Oils by Albert Urban, Jan. 2 through 31.

Knoedler Galleries, 14 E. 57 St.: Paintings and Drawings by Eastman Johnson, Jan. 7 through 26.

Kootz Gallery, 15 E. 57 St.: Robert Motherwell, Jan. 1-31.

Kraushaar Galleries, 32 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Ann Brockman, to Jan. 5.

Julien Levy Gallery, 42 E. 57 St.: Gallery Group Show, Jan. 8 through 26.

Lilienfeld Galleries, 21 E. 57 St.: Paintings by John McGrew, Jan. 5 through 23.

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82 St.: Prints of the Time of the

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of an American family.

Most of the families that we can read about are either such great families as the Roosevelts or the Oliver Wendell Holmeses, or such notorious families as the Jukes. Here is a simple, straightforward, and always moving story of an ordinary family, which, though common enough in life, is indeed rare in literature.

Family History

By Henry Seidel Canby

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Counter-Reformation, Old Mexican Pottery, Paul Revere (Junior Museum), The Horse (Junior Museum), continuing; Prize Contest Exhibition, Army Handicrafts, to Jan. 10; Chinese Ceremonial Bronzes, to March 10; Recent Accessions in the American Wing, opening Jan. 28. At the Cloisters, Angels of the Lord, closing date indefinite.

Milch Galleries, 108 W. 57 St.: New Paintings by Stephen Etnier, to Jan. 19.

Modern Art Studio, 637 Madison Ave.: Sculpture and Drawings by Henry Schonbauer, Jan. 7 through 31.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave., at 104 St.: Your New York Tomorrow—Phases of the Post-War Plan, to Jan. 7; Theatre Prints from the Collection of Charles G. Shaw, Tinsel Pin-ups, to Jan. 21.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53 St.: Useful Objects, Children's Christmas Circus, through Jan. 6; Stuart Davis, to Feb. 3; Museum of Modern Art Framed Color Reproductions, to Feb. 10; Dance and Theater Design, to Feb. 17; Arts of the South Seas, opening Jan. 30.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54 St.: Hilla Rebay, Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, and others, through Feb. 15.

National Academy, Fifth Ave. at 90 St.: 2nd Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Drawings, Jan. 3-23.

New Age Gallery, 138 W. 15 St.: Paintings and Prints by Herman Brockdorff, Jan. 7 through 26.

N.Y. Historical Society, 170 Central Park West: 95th Anniversary of the Death of John J. Audubon, opening Jan. 27.

Niveau Galleries, 63 E. 57 St.: French Masters, through Jan. 15; Zareh Sourian, opening Jan. 19.

Perls Gallery, 32 E. 58 St.: Paintings by Martin Friedman, Jan. 2-26; John Masteller, Jan. 28-Feb. 23.

Portraits Inc., 460 Park Ave.: Women with Pearls (Prize winning paintings in competition for La Tausca Pearls, sponsored by Heller Delta Co.), Jan. 7-19; Contemporary Portraits, through Jan. 29.

Rehn Gallery, 683 Fifth Ave.: Charles Burchfield, Jan. 7 through 31.

Paul Rosenberg and Co., 16 E. 57 St.: Karl Knaths, Jan. 7-26.

Tribune Book and Art Center, 100 W. 42 St.: Lithographs and Drawings by Käthe Kollwitz, continuing.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8 St.: Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting, to Jan. 10.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts: Portraits of Children, Sculpture by Rosin, to Jan. 7. 141st Annual Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture, opening Jan. 26.

Art Alliance: Etchings by Frederick L. M. Griggs, to Jan. 13; Water colors by John Haigaard, to Jan. 17; Oils and water colors by Samuel J. Brown, Illustrations by Gustaf Tenggren, Mystery in Paint, to Jan. 20; Costume Jewelry, to Jan. 27; Iver Rose, Josef Scharl, Jan. 14-Feb. 17.

Museum of Art: Color Prints, to Jan. 1; Artists Look Like This, to Jan. 15; Käthe Kollwitz Memorial, opening Jan. 8.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Carnegie Institute: Encyclopedia Britannica Collection of Contemporary American Painting, to Jan. 27; Lithographs by Honoré Daumier, lent by Wiggin Collection, Public Library of Boston, opening Jan. 6.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Berkshire Museum: Eight Syracuse Water Colorists, Graflex sees the War, Oils by the Pittsfield Boys Club, through Jan.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Art Museum: Pastels and Water Colors by the Oregon Guild of Painters and Sculptors, to Jan. 1; Army Medicine (Abbott Laboratories), to Jan. 13; Oriental Rugs from the Hirsch Collection, opening Jan. 1; Charles Heaney, Jan. 1-Feb. 1; Old Master Drawings from the Collection of Le Roy Backus, opening Jan. 13.

PROVIDENCE, R.I.

Museum of Art: 3rd Annual Exhibition of Rhode Island Federation of Camera Clubs, to Jan. 2; Pottery by Edwin and Mary Scheier, and The Negro Artist Comes of Age (Amer. Fed. of Arts), Jan. 8-27.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Gallery and School of Art: Are Clothes Modern? (Museum of Modern Art), to Jan. 5.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

St. Louis Artists' Guild: 33rd Annual, to Feb. 1.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

Witte Memorial Museum: Early San Antonio Painters, to Jan. 13; Contemporary American Painters, Paintings by Robert Engelking, Jan. 6-30.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Fine Arts Gallery: Maynard Dixon, Retrospective, Important Art Acquisitions of 1945, through Jan.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

California Palace of the Legion of Honor: Ecclesiastical Sculpture, Religious Folk Art of the Southwest, Photographs by George Barrows, through Jan. 2.

TULSA, OKLA.

Philbrook Art Center: Pre-War French School of Painting, through Jan. 8; Examples from the Golden Age of Tapestry (Collection of French and Co., N.Y.), Original Drawings from Terry and the Pirates by Milton Caniff, Second Annual Exhibition of Advertising Art (Tulsa Advertising Federation), Water colors by Jennie Livingstone, Jan. 8 through Feb. 3.

UTICA, N.Y.

Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute: American Water Colors (American Federation of Arts), Art by American Children (Museum of Modern Art), Drawings and Prints (from the Midtown Galleries, N.Y.), Captured Light (photographs from the Norlyst Gallery, N.Y.), Standing Figure in Bronze by Aristide Maillol (from the Weyhe Gallery, N.Y.), Jan. 6-27.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Corcoran Gallery: 4th Annual Exhibition of the Artists' Guild of Washington, Jan. 6 through 30; Etchings and Engravings by Carl M. Schultheiss, Jan. 19 through Feb. 7.

National Gallery: French Paintings and Drawings on Loan from the French Government.

Smithsonian Institution: National Collection of Fine Arts—44th Annual Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Society of Miniature Painters, through Jan. 6; Division of Graphic Arts—Etchings and Drypoints by Charles W. Dahlgreen, through Jan. 6.

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

Lawrence Art Museum: Faces and Figures, Jan. 3-24.

WOODSTOCK, N.Y.

Rudolph Galleries: Annual Writer Exhibition, to Jan. 31.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Art Museum: Contemporary Prints, to Jan. 1; Ralph Earl, Forbidden Art in the Third Reich, to Jan. 13.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Butler Art Institute: 11th Annual New Year Show, Ohio Residents, Jan. 1-27.

"Don't go so fast . . . look out for those rocks . . . here comes another canoe . . ."

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HAVE ENGLISH WRITERS MARKED TIME?

(*Continued from page 3*)

warden duties. He needed such spare time as he had for rest or relaxation. Nor, in spite of the boom in books, were there any very strong material inducements to continue writing. No obvious prestige attached to the publication of a book in wartime, when newspapers limited to the dimensions of a four-page sheet could do little more than notice its appearance. Nor, in spite of the demand for books, was it possible to issue books in anything but small editions. Publishers were strictly rationed in their use of paper. They could do little more than divide their stock of papers among such authors as had written books. The rough principle on which they worked was to print enough copies of a book in relation to the advance on account of royalties that was to be paid the author—usually on the basis of a prewar contract—to ensure that the advance was earned and they themselves received a profit.

There was no question of the book's not selling as many copies as the publisher was in a position to print. Most books were sold right out within a few days of being published. Reading was one of the few pleasures still accessible to the British public. Long boring hours had to be spent on fire-watching and air-raid duties. Theatres and cinemas closed early. Food rationing made private entertaining very difficult. With no private cars on the road, the visiting of friends became impossible. In the country people stayed indoors when blackout time came round. There was in the entertainment field no alternative to a book. Yet owing to the paper shortage there was no means of supplying the public's demand for books. So that a novelist whose books sold on an average 5,000 copies (which is quite a good sale for England, and for which he would receive on the delivery of his manuscript an advance on account of royalties of £400) would say to himself as he looked at the blank sheet of paper headed chapter I, "the fate of this book before one word of it is written, is foreordained. Very few reviews of it will appear, and very few advertisements. There is no newspaper space available for either. Within three weeks the book will be sold out, never to be reprinted. I cannot lose my public by a poor book or enlarge it by a good one. Good, bad, or indifferent, its fate will be the same." The encouragement to write under such conditions was extremely meagre.

Nor was there financially any real encouragement for the writer who was earning either in the armed forces or as a government official a sufficient income for his own support on a reduced wartime basis to add to that income by writing. English writers, as do American, pay double tax on money that they earn outside their countries, so that the most an English writer could receive for every dollar he earned in America was thirty cents, and the most he could earn on every pound was nine shillings. If his income was over two thousand pounds it would be considerably less. Nor, when everything was rationed, was there much that he could buy with such few pennies as remained to him. He could not buy clothes or wine or food or hire a car or go for a holiday. He could only buy jewelry and pictures. Money followed in England a vicious—or from the socialist point of view a virtuous—circle. Most of what money you had was taken from you, and what little remained was useless, for there was nothing you could buy with it.

There was finally the point of censorship. In a sense there was no official censorship in England except in so far as the public discussion of naval, military, and air force matters were concerned. But there was a very definite self-imposed censorship exercised by editors, publishers, and writers who believed that free speech is dangerous in wartime and that nothing should appear in print that could in any way diminish the will to victory or faith in the fruits of victory. It would, for instance, have been most undesirable in 1943 to have prophesied that within a few weeks of victory relations between the Allies would have deteriorated into an atmosphere of distrust or to have wondered whether the average citizen in liberated Europe might not find himself personally for several years worse off as a freed man than he had been as a slave. More than one writer must have preferred to remain silent when he did not feel himself justified in writing *exactly* what he thought.

In face of this combination of discouragements, it is not surprising that a great many professional writers decided not to write until the war was over. Consequently the books that were written in England during the war can be divided into three main classes. First there were the war books pure and simple, most of them the work of unprofessional writers. Secondly there were the books by professional writers who were unable for

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various reasons to enrol themselves in government service, who led generally dreary and secluded existences in the country, who were out of touch with the main currents of the national effort, and whose work, which consequently lacked vitality, was for the most part not published in America. Finally there were the few good books that demanded of their authors that they be written, no matter how small the inducement to write might be.

It is this fact, it is this series of facts, that explains why the quantity of English writing in wartime diminished but the quality was maintained. The good books that were produced in England during the war were the outcome of a genuine, deep-seated urgency. They were books that, in spite of contrary conditions, their authors had to write.

They possess, as a consequence of this, a real vitality and value. Because of them England's contribution to literature during the 1940's will be seen in retrospect to have its own particular and privileged position.

At the Close of the Whaling Era

HO, THE FAIR WIND. By I. A. R. Wylie. New York: Random House. 1945. 373 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE M. PURDY

"OF all the Earth's surfaces, the Islands are the Aristocrats." Thus Herman Melville, with Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard in mind, wrote nearly a century ago, and the timetables of the New England Steamship Company echo his pious sentiment to this day. Lately the islands have been attracting the attention of fictioneers, good, bad, and worse. We have been given whaling novels and sailing novels and adventure stories and murder mysteries galore, with Edgartown and Nantucket settings and characters more or less faithfully drawn. (Perhaps Elizabeth Hollister Frost's "This Side of Land" was the best, for all its dough-heavy mysticism.) Recently, what might be called the Bastard Moby Dick style has prevailed. The islanders are portrayed as passionate, ingrown folk living outwardly quiet lives in their square houses with their calm wives and numerous biblically-named progeny, but prone to work off their inhibitions on periodic voyages to the South Seas, where rape and cannibalism are all in the day's work.

While not half as lurid as Miss Bruff's recently revealed picture of Nantucket, Miss Wylie's Vineyard is also a place of high emotional and religious tensions. Her story covers the end of the whaling era, after the Civil War, when a three years' voyage might yield only a few hundred barrels and the game was no longer worth the candle. Much picturesque flotsam and jetsam, human and otherwise, remained strewn on the beaches of the islands, however. On the Vineyard, to point the contrast, the sea captains and their colorful hangers-on were replaced by the preachers of the Wesleyan movement, which held great camp meetings each year in the groves near Cottage City, now Oak Bluffs. Miss Wylie has supposed that a lay-preacher, a farmer and native of the island, falls in love with an emancipated off-island miss, whose family has been intimate with Emerson and Alcott and Hawthorne back in Concord. She, after promising to marry the preacher, finds herself becoming fascinated by a devilish but gentlemanly half-caste, son of an English nobleman and a Portugee girl, who keeps a tavern in Edgartown. The possibilities for emotional stresses and strains of the sort essential for magazine fiction—and Hollywood—are obvious, and you may be sure Miss Wylie doesn't miss many of them.

Most of the ingredients in this first historical novel of Miss Wylie's are of the tried and true variety, and they have been mixed by an experienced hand. Ellen Frisbie and Joss Cavalho and even Hebron Allyn are never very real, but they continue to hold the attention, as one's favorite movie stars do in a run-of-the-mill picture, merely because they are recognizable and go through the expected paces satisfactorily. On occasion the author goes clean overboard in her desire to be graphic about her characters, as when she tells us that Joss is like "a young stallion that has been out to stud too often and too soon." Nor is the humor of "My Life with George" present. At that, the book is an acceptable addition to the islands' growing bibliography. If it never conveys entirely the true quality of these outposts, it gives at times a reasonable simulacrum thereof.

Lost Paradise

THE HIGH BARBAREE. By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1945. 230 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by LAIRD GREGORY

THE idea behind this book is an unusually fascinating one. The authors who made H.M.S. *Bounty* and Captain Bligh familiar to an enormous public have taken the legend of a lost paradise on a Pacific island, marked "Existence Doubtful" on a few old charts only, and have imagined that it might be found again by a Navy pilot of this war when his PBY ditches in the vast spaces of the South Seas. What possibilities for adventure and romance and general good reading this opens up! The contrast between Guadalcanal in the darker days of the war and the golden age of Polynesia, the gallant young American aviator saved from a watery grave and living the dream of his childhood under the expert guidance of Messrs. Nordhoff and Hall, who certainly know their way around Pacific paradises by now—you could hardly miss on this one.

So it is more than a trifle disappointing to find how little the authors do with all these pleasing materials. True, it is necessary to explain at some length how Alec Brooke of Westview, Iowa, happens to know all about Turnbull's Island, first reported by the whaler *Gay Head* in 1842. And no doubt the whole story has to be wrapped in the mists of fantasy. In the explaining and wrapping, unfortunately, the authors neglect what the short-story courses call "the narrative values." Having placed their hero on his island, along with his seafaring uncle and the love of his childhood, they call it a day. Because, you see, it was all part of Alec's pathetic dream as he lay dying in the ditched Cat.

In other words, the book provides a very pretty tableau, but one wonders what it might have been like had the authors thrown logic overboard and made the island a real one, miraculously left untouched by Jap imperialism and the Pan-American Airways. Perhaps Alec might then have realized his dream amid more stimulating experiences, perhaps even turned back the Japs with the help of the Polynesians, and found who knows what romance before his rescue. The authors, surprisingly enough considering their previous record as purveyors of exciting adventures stories, have preferred the haunting "dreaming-true" vein. And like most dreams, this one is insubstantial.

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LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL

(*Continued from page 14*)

ten minutes of six and then Grandfather said, "Time's up," and he turned his head to the wall and died.

Tom told this story to his nurse when he was sick in the hospital just before he died. I think he knew he was going to die just like grandfather and that's why he told his nurse that story.

Tom starts some of his stories with two and twenty. People say, "What did he mean by that?" I say, "Read further."

Grover Cleveland and Ben Harrison were twins. They were named for the two candidates running for President. Ben was sick and delicate looking. Grover was the finest looking child I have ever seen. They were lying in a blanket on a lounge. Mr. Wolfe said, "Grover Cleveland has beaten Ben Harrison in an election and made him sick." Mr. Wolfe went to town that day and met the editor of the newspaper and Mr. Wolfe asked, "What's the news this morning?" The editor said he didn't know. Mr. Wolfe said, "I have some news for you. Grover Cleveland and Ben Harrison stopped over at my house this morning and they've come to stay—twins." And that's just how the editor printed it in the paper.

The spooky part of the two and twenty story is something that really happened. I was wide awake. It wasn't a dream. I had an awful cough and I couldn't sleep. I thought I was going to die. I kept a little lamp over on a stand so that I could see. I had three children in my room, all babies. Mr. Wolfe had his room on the other side. I thought what will I do—maybe I won't live through this ordeal. I had just gotten to bed and fixed my pillows. I looked towards the light. I thought, I want to live another month. Suddenly I felt as if someone took me around and squeezed me and whispered into my ear, "Two." Then I heard a moaning voice out around the porch say "Twenty—twenty." I called Mr. Wolfe and said, "Two spirits told me I am going to die but they couldn't get together. One said in two weeks and the other said in twenty days." Mr. Wolfe said I must have been dreaming. I said no, but he didn't believe me so I went back to sleep. Next day I went about my work and never thought of it again. The day after Grover and Ben were born, the doctor said, "They are fine children and you are all right." Mr. Wolfe told me, "Just twenty days before these children were born, one spirit said two and the other twenty. But the spirits didn't say anything about death. One told you you would have two children and the other told you you would have them in twenty days." And there you've got it. Tom always said I was psychic.

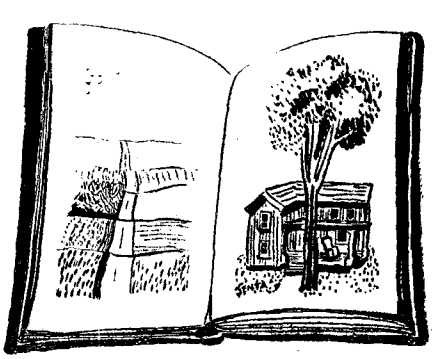
Two robbers once broke into my house and demanded a pair of shoes for one of them who had lost his. He said, "I came to you because I could trust you not to give me away and because I know your husband is the only one who has big feet like mine." I went to the closet and took out a pair of shoes practically new and handed them to him. He took out a roll of bills. He wanted to pay me. I said, "No, that's blood money, but give me your pistol. If they catch you, you won't need it." He said, "I don't care what happens to me now." I said, "Don't say that. I know your wife. You go to a new country and she will come to you." He said, "I will go," and that is the last I saw of him.

To this day, people reading Tom's story about these robbers—he changed them to murderers—ask me, "Did you really help those murderers get away?" I never did tell them. I just ask, "Isn't there such a thing as fiction?"

Tom sent me my book autographed, "Your story is in this book. Some say it is the best I ever wrote."

Once when Tom was pacing the floor worrying about a Hollywood story he had to write, I tried to take his mind off it for a while so I said, "I have a mystery story." Tom said, "Why don't you write it? That would take." I said, "I am not going to write it. If I was educated I would." I said, "Someday I can give it to you."

I went away to Boston and came back in three weeks and Tom said, "I have written a story about uncle and maybe he is not going to like it. I sold it to Scribner's for $500." I said, "I don't care if they like it or not, long as you get the $500." Later on he said, "I wrote a short story and got $500 and you are responsible for it." I got all puffed up because I was worth something—$500! That story came out in *Scribner's Magazine*. It was "The Web of Earth"—the story of a seventy-year-old mother as she relates the incidents of her life that wove back and forth just like a web. A lady in Asheville asked me if I wrote that story. She said, "It just talks like you."



I want to thank you for listening. When John Terry asked me to come I thought, what could an eighty-five-year-old woman tell to a university class that would interest them? Now I will tell you. It is the young people I like to be with. I still have young friends of all ages.

While Mrs. Wolfe spoke, the barren classroom was forgotten. Her natural

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charm and the interest of her stories had converted it into a North Carolina parlor with its drapes, plush furniture, and thin tea cups.

She had dressed for this occasion with great care. Her black dress was her best. Behind its unrevealing folds, her spare, angular body was alive with quick and restless energy. Underneath her hem, which just grazed her angle bones, we could see two highly polished shoes with sharp points resolutely facing the class. Her ensemble was finished off with a triple strand of pearls, white gloves, a black and white print scarf and a tiny black hat with just a suggestion of a veil. For color, she had pinned a big red rose on her left shoulder.

When introduced by her son's biographer, Professor Terry, she stood up promptly as if called upon to recite. Her facial expression was defiantly young; her vibrant voice was softened yet not slowed by her Southern way of speech. Her small brown eyes took in the class through old-fashioned spectacles.

She was truly what others have said since her sudden death, "the tireless fountain of folk tale, reminiscence, and anecdote that fed the literary stream of her son," and she, like her son, died in the midst of life—even though she was eighty-five.

RUTH DAVIS

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 133

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 133 will be found in the next issue.

HE HA THEY OBDDFT-AFJMGV CGFCMG BA THEY OBDDFT-OGSLGV WFEEMGA; EYG MGAA EYGZ YBKG HO EYGN EYG NFDG OFHAG EYGZ NBLG HO CFJDHOX FJE. — BMGIBOVGD CFCG—EYFJXYEA FO KBDHFJA AJWQGSEA.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 132

MAN TRAVELS THE WORLD OVER IN SEARCH OF WHAT HE NEEDS AND RETURNS HOME TO FIND IT.

—GEORGE MOORE
—Brook Kerith.

the Phoenix Nest

NEW England having recently been assaulted by a violent northeaster, and lately, I understand, enduring blizzard weather, reminds me of a poem I wrote last fall during the autumnal equinox. The misbehavior of the elements suggested this Norse legend:

JORMUNGAND

Song for Foul Weather

Nostril-smoking, around the root
Of the dim Celestial Tree
He coiled, till Odin seized the brute
And hurled him into the sea.
Now is he bound around the world
As Loki harries the land,
And dizzy stars from heaven are swirled
At the heave of Jormungand.

To Asgard, the far realms, the roots
Of Yggdrasil extend,
And four white harts feed on the shoots
Of one at the world's end,
For there the Norns with muttering spell
Asperge the leaves from blight,
Though wisdom lies in Mirmir's well
At the other end of the night.

At Niflheim great serpents dwell
In the ocean dragon's dearth,
And swung in space 'twixt heaven and hell
Is Midgard, or our Earth.
There till the Twilight of the Gods
Used Jormungand to be,
Till Odin found his worlds at odds
And hurled him into the sea.

Then round all seas his tail he curled;
And tempest and tide prevail
On all the coasts of the quaking world
When that he bites his tail.
The hurricane assails the main,
The tall wave walks the strand;
And Thor and Odin slay and are slain
By the fury of Jormungand.
The giants dwell in Jotunheim
West at the world's far edge,
Each with a great beard white with rime,
Each with a thunder sledge.
Their blazing eyes revolve in light
And Aesir's end they know.
Their weird is with the gods to fight,
Nine Worlds to overthrow.

And thus each fiord with fog is palled,
Rán's net afar doth fall,
Now Harald Fairhair's every skald
Is mute in mirk mead-hall.
The dragon beaks of the long ships drain
Far-thundering stuff and spume.
Many-benched rowers strain amain
In Olaf's galley of doom.

For Ocean-Lasher, the Midgard Worm
Through all his length hath striven;
Haki's blue land declares its term,
Smokes high and leaps at heaven;
And with splintering oarblades on the strand
And wind that howls you dumb,
Hark the revenge of Jormungand,
For Ragnarok is come!

* * *

Mrs. Thomas W. Lamont asks me, *in re* the recent Laurence Binyon appeal in this department, to say that any American contribution to the fund may be sent to Henry Pitney Van Dusen, 80 Claremont Avenue, New York City. This will enable would-be contributors to escape the bother of an English address to which to send their contributions. For the benefit of poets, a quarterly of new poetry called *experiment* is now published at 6033 South 40th Street, Omaha 7, Nebraska. Its price is thirty cents a copy. This magazine is coöperatively published and edited by a national group of twenty poets, and is now completing its second year. To my knowledge it is the only no-prose magazine in the country, being devoted to the publication exclusively of experimental verse.

* * *

Kathleen Sproul, of Briarcliff Manor, N.Y., writes me:

> Here's a verse written to the joint rhythm of my fury at Dr. Fishbein (per accompanying clipping) and the Putnam Division 8:10 a.m. train:
>
> Dr. Fishbein says: "... socialism is an ugly word," *
> Classing it I suppose with bitch and slut and turd.
>
> Now the medical man proves doctor to our speech;
> Far cry from barger-surgeon and the leech. . . .
>
> Has he forgotten the intimate socialism of flesh and bone—
> And that only Death makes man alone?

* * *

I wish to thank E. R. Young, Lieutenant USNR, of Norfolk, Virginia, for the following poem:

FOR THE YOUNG GROWN OLD

The tragedy
of war will last
for those whom it
matured too fast,

*N. Y. *Times* news item, quoted from speech before a meeting of Nutrition Research Laboratories, describing the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill as "dangerous to the welfare of the common people."

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who have no way
to tell the cost

in dollars, of
the youth they lost;

who had to face
the unforeseen
reality
at seventeen,

when on the life
they hardly knew
the unfamiliar
death-wind blew;

and in the roles
to which they sprung,
how swiftly they
grew old too young.

* * *

Carlton M. Starr of Chicago writes:

I have just come across, in a recent issue of your *Review* in the Phoenix Nest, a communication from Jane D. Wise of New Rochelle, N.Y., "The codfish lays a million eggs," who ascribes it to "our good friend Anon, probably of English origin."

It is, indeed, of English origin, but not anonymous; it is by that well-known critic of most everything American, George Bernard Shaw. It was published in "The Open Book" (World Syndicate Pub. Co.).

But that's not the end of the story. In the following issue, the Iowa bookman and bibliophile, T. Henry Foster, defended the codfish with this, which may be worth noting:

The codfish lays a million eggs,
(Ten million codfish cakes)
To feed a million hungry souls—
Then dies for all their sakes.

One 'bite' is all the codfish
Of man does ever beg;
The hen demands three meals
a day—
Then lays one measly egg.

* * *

The Lola Ridge Memorial Award, given annually under the auspices of the Poetry Society of America, is offered again for the best unpublished poem on a theme having social significance. The contest is open to all poets residing in the United States. The award of $100 is supplemented this year by an additional $50 for the next best poem. Manuscripts should be mailed to Gustav Davidson, 227 East 45th Street, New York 17, N.Y., and the envelope should be marked "For Lola Ridge Award." None can be returned. Manuscripts must be submitted in triplicate by February 1, 1946, with the author's name and address in separate sealed envelope, inclosed. The author's name should not appear on the manuscript itself. The judges in the competition are Laura Benét, Leonora Speyer, and Gustav Davidson. Winners will be announced in the spring of 1946.

WILLIAM ROSE BENET

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

WILL the men in service who were in DC touch with me during the war, should they see this column, send me, please, their latest addresses. We don't want to lose touch with you.

Here is a supplemental list of Decennial DCers, names that have been straggling in: Mrs. Walter D. Bonner, Salt Lake City; Donald E. V. Henderson, Alexandria, Va.; Mrs. Harris Franklin Rall, Evanston, Ill.; Mrs. Sam T. Swansen, Milwaukee; Mrs. E. W. Lewis and Mrs. M. H. McCalla, Phoenix, Ariz.; Mrs. William I. Cole and Mrs. L. W. Barber, Fond du Lac, Wis.; Mrs. Harry Landauer, Hollywood; Miss McChesney, Fort Thomas, Ky; Mrs. May P. Carpenter, Chicago.

A word for our feminists (as *The New Yorker* might caption it): "The Oxford Companion to English Literature" lists Catherine M. Fanshawe, author of that famous poem, "The Letter H," as a poet*ess!*

In assembling the half-finished DC's for Series No. 20, I missed one I felt sure that I had done. So I did the same quotation over again. Later the original turned up. The words I had evolved in each were totally different. This is evidence of my contention that if I but had the time I could improve or weaken a DC each time I tackled it.

C. P. Crumb, Beechwood, Pa., makes some suggestions that he thinks dozens of DC fans may have hit upon, but he gives them for what they are worth, and so do I in the thought that others of you may contribute other devices to help in puzzling:

The first is to mark the letter (on the diagram) that one is *dead sure* of with a small but firm *dot* beside the letter, which is ever after to be respected. This will save the paper, and one's nerves, from growing threadbare with needless erasures. The second idea is to write in *small* characters (Roman characters should always be used) the letters that one "reads in" from the context of letters already established—which is about the most fun of any of the various processes. These small letters should be placed in some given corner of the diagram, so as not to interfere with possible change in the large ones. Or alternative readings may be marked with small letters in corresponding corners—as lower right or lower left. The advantage here is to have a permanent record, not alone of the fact that one solved the problem, but of *how* one solved it.

Opinions still differ as to the set-up of our DC's. I shall present some comment on this in a later issue.

JANUARY 5, 1946

DOUBLE-CROSTIC: No. 615

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down, the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 26 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. German sculptor in Florence (1847-1921); with "von"; Brahms monument; bust of Clara Schumann).
B. Young conger eels.
C. Grandmother and instructor of Timothy (Bib.).
D. Valuable animals not wild, found wandering (Law).
E. Beethoven's choral symphony.
F. Winding (Colloq.; comp.).
G. Indian money of shell disks or buttons (Calif.).
H. English colonist whose murder (1636) was a cause of the Pequot War.
I. Wasted away; tormented; vexed.
J. Taking everything into consideration (Colloq.; 2 wds.).
K. Whig candidate defeated by Franklin Pierce, 1852.
L. Puppet show in which silhouettes are thrown on a screen (Java).
M. Relating to potherbs.
N. Made over or surrendered by deed (Law).
O. Intricate; involved.
P. Shot out suddenly or rapidly.
Q. English statesman, Earl of Strafford (1593-1641).
R. Essential; inherent.
S. Title and heroine of opera by Massenet.
T. Practicing or requiring non-interference (Colloq.; comp.).
U. Bland; unctuous.
V. Not becoming; indecorous.
W. Printers (used in names of associations of master printers, U.S.A. and Canada).
X. Gives vent or utterance to.
Y. Vociferous; clamorous.
Z. Separate; individual.

WORDS

59 103 108 141 17 131 10 94 175 121
15 41 160 6 123 179
42 53 169 148
7 28 104 80 154 51 149
146 128 135 13 31
163 45 97 138 90 27 66 100 2 110 81
63 1 25 91 54
50 153 96 112 60 29
3 119 144 83 159 33 47 136 156
158 127 24 71 26 35
65 20 151 172 98
36 174 49 139 120 87
85 107 46 52 56 117 173
133 32 92 21 38 88 176
168 37 82 4 182 64 140 79 105 109 155 161
44 18 73 150 181 12
102 22 95 101 57 99 34 61 14
165 86 9 142 126 55 70 40 75
115 145 132 171 111
157 106 19 89 114 11 5 39
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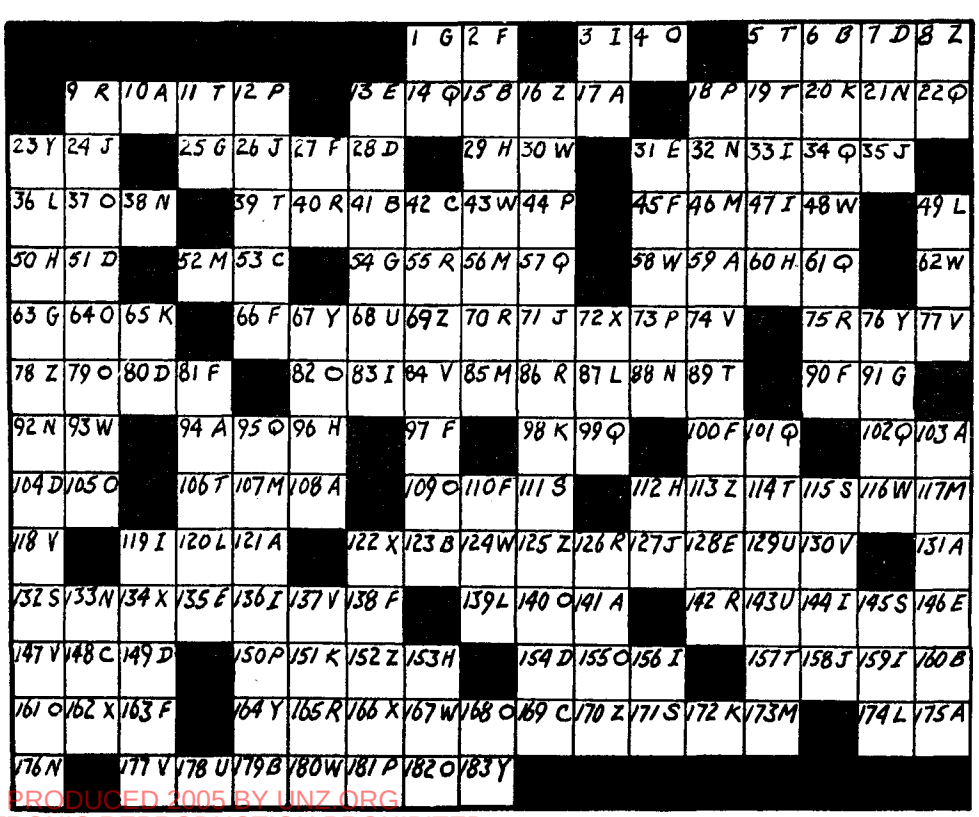
23 76 67 164 183
125 113 16 69 152 78 170 8



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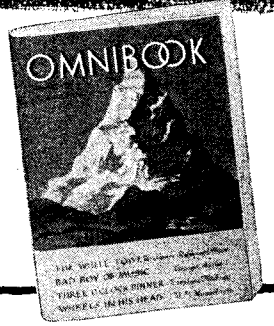

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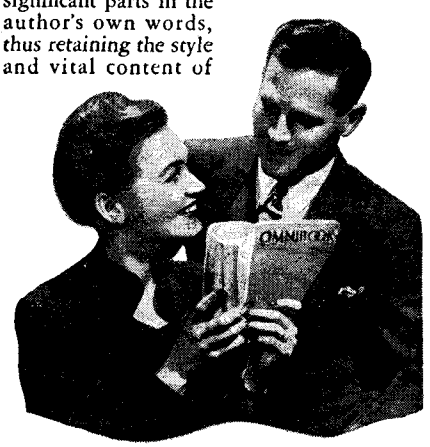

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